JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1901

3D EVERY THURSDAY

SPEAK NOW! By The EDITOR

GUINEAS FOR READERS' LETTERS

HITLER'S LAST PHASE BEGINS by A.G.G.

That *chocolaty* taste —and NO POINTS!

It's good to see the youngsters getting their Cadbury chocolate ration — small as many no doubt think it. Here's a useful hint to mothers. When the chocolate ration is finished, the children can get that chocolaty flavour they like so much as a *drink* — in Bournville Cocoa. A very warming, beneficial drink too and, like solid chocolate, a food. After all, chocolate and cocoa come from the same bean.

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE COCOA

FIVEPENCE A QUARTER

(You save on ½ lbs)

Have no doubt about healthy gums

Blood on your toothbrush is a sure danger sign. Use 'S.R.' Toothpaste to remove this threat of gum-bleeding (gingivitis) and gum-rot (pyorrhœa). 'S.R.' contains the dentist's own remedy for gum diseases — Sodium Ricinoleate. It safeguards the gums — safeguards the teeth, too.

New Size 1/3 *including tax*

★ Return all empty metal tubes to your retailer and help the ★ RED CROSS & ST. JOHN FUND

protect gums as well as teeth with

S.R. TOOTHPASTE

GR 116-198-60

D. & W. GIBBS LIMITED, LONDON

OYEZ, OYEZ
When you see my picture on the Fairy Soap tablet, you know you've got the famous green household soap for scrubbing and cleaning—it's kindest to your hands, too!
THERE I AM!

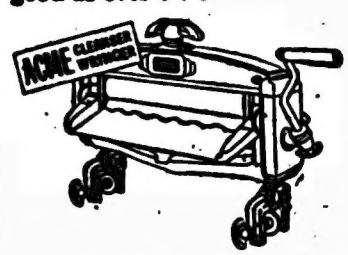
5½d. for two tablets, two coupons per tablet. Half tablet, one coupon

FAIRY SOAP

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

Mrs. Mullins snapped it up...

She was one of the lucky ones—she found an Acme Wringer in the shop even after war had broken out—when Acme's former employees had switched over to action stations. And don't blame the makers if you can't find an Acme on sale to-day—their craftsmen are busy on more serious work elsewhere. And in the meantime you'll just have to borrow Mrs. Mullins' and wait for the day when Acme will be back again in the shops just as good as ever . . .



FOOD FACTS

CHILDREN'S CHOICE

You won't need to worry about Winter if you will just remember to give the children a serving of *lightly cooked* green vegetable every day, plenty of *jacket potatoes*, and a good helping of *raw shredded vegetables* in a salad or a sandwich. These with the full rations and allowances, with porridge and bread to fill up the corners, will keep the children fighting fit throughout the coldest weather.

MILK—BUILDER NUMBER ONE

See that the children have all the priority milk they are allowed and that schoolchildren take full advantage of the Milk in Schools Scheme. Let them take their full allowance of milk on their porridge or in puddings or in their mugs, and for the rest of the family use Household Milk for soups and sauces, puddings and cakes. Remember, children should have all their milk, it's just as good for them in puddings as if they drink it fresh.

THE CHILD'S CHEESE RATION

Every child over two years should have his full cheese ration. Make cheese scones for tea, give it grated over salad, in sandwiches, or serve it with vegetable soup. Stuff baked potatoes with cheese, and adopt the Danish fashion of serving cheese for breakfast.

THIS IS THE LAST WEEK OF RATION PERIOD No. 4 (Oct. 18th to Nov. 14th)

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 123

Mix your Horlicks with water only—the milk is already in it

Many people keep their Horlicks to have as a night-cap. It helps to ensure that deep, restful sleep which means abundant energy for the next day's work. Fortunately, Horlicks makes no demand on the milk supply. The correct way to make Horlicks is, and always has been, to mix it with water only. The milk is already in it.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Supplies are being distributed as evenly as possible and should be available equally for children, invalids, and those who drink Horlicks at bedtime.

That extra war-time walking

With the car laid up for the duration, extra walking becomes a war-time necessity. Keep your shoes in a sound, supple and waterproof condition by using—

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

Supplies are restricted. Use sparingly.

Sidewick Products Ltd., London, E.A. cabp

Men and women at A.A. sites share the same mess. The ATS girls already on this work have won deep respect from the men.

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN NEEDED FOR A.A. DEFENCES

TO RELEASE MEN FOR THE OFFENSIVE

When our men bring the full weight of our offensive to bear upon the enemy, our towns must not go undefended. And yet as many of our fighting men as possible will be needed at the front. That is why thousands more women are needed *now* to take over Anti-Aircraft operation in the ATS.

It is considered one of the best jobs in the Service. Volunteers have to pass tests for mental alertness, steady nerves and good eyesight. They must be physically fit, and aged 17½ to 43. Training takes place in a newly formed mixed battery in a Training Regiment and later in a Practice Camp.

In addition to A.A. defence, over 60 other types of work are open now in the ATS. *Every* woman not doing vital work is asked to volunteer. *Wives of Servicemen are granted their leave to coincide with their husbands' leave.* Go to a Recruiting Centre* or Employment Exchange. *They* will find out whether you can be released from your present work.

* *Girls born between January 1st, 1918, and June 30th, 1922, come under the National Service Act and must go to their Employment Exchange, not to a Recruiting Centre.*

If you cannot go to a Recruiting Centre or Employment Exchange at once, send in this coupon

ATS

297 Oxford Street, London, W.1. 3008 GW. 3

Please send me full information about being trained as an A.A. instrument operator in the ATS.

Name: Mrs. / Miss } Cross out "Mrs." or "Miss"

Address

County Date of birth In my present

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, November 21, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them, naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

WAR'S £s.d.

● **Some people have done very well financially from the Allied victory in North Africa.**

They are not the American troops who made those swift and determined landings. Nor the British sailors who transported them so efficiently.

Oh, no! They are the people whose fortunes hinge on the incalculable "booms" and "slumps" of the London Stock Exchange.

When the African news came through the Stock Exchange dealers condescended to take a more hopeful view of their country's position in the war.

Gold-mining shares went up. West Wits rose by 11s. 3d.—a staggering leap overnight. Oil shares went up. Burmah Oil rose by 3s. 9d., Anglo-Iranian Oil by 3s. 1½d. Industrial shares went up—most of them by half-a-crown.

Which means a lot of easy money for the speculators.

We hope they will invest their profits in War Loan! But we also hope that a more sensible financial system will be devised after the war.

Straight from the Shoulder

KEEP HIM GUESSING

THIS is an hour of high opportunity. We have had great news; we should have more.

Our recent successes offer scope for further swift and startling military moves. Above all, they provide an opening for the most ruthless war of nerves in history.

We must keep Hitler guessing!

To and Fro

We should heighten his fears and darken his suspense. We must make him withdraw more troops from Russia. We must see they are kept steeplechasing to and fro across Europe.

And we can do it. See what is happening in France and Africa.

High Price

He will find it costly to garrison southern and central France. He must send in another fifteen or twenty divisions—or weaken his forces on the Channel Coast.

Thus he adds to his supply problems. Thus, too, he adds to the resistance against him.

Sky's Limit

But Africa presents him with an even uglier task.

There is a limit to the supplies that can reach it by air. The heavy stuff must go by sea—and though the sea route is short, the British Navy is vigilant, while the Axis is already short of ships.

Vast 'Drome

Now look at the further tasks that confront him.

He must reckon that eventually the whole of the North African coast, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Nile Delta, will become a vast aerodrome.

So henceforth he must garrison the 2,000-mile coastline of Italy. He must pour troops into Greece. He must reinforce Crete and Sicily and Sardinia.

In the North

Yet he cannot be certain that we shall strike in the south. We must see that he is not allowed to forget the north.

Let us keep him guessing about our plans for the French coast, Holland and Norway!

Air Strength

He cannot adequately guard them all.

Russia has drained his army of its best men. His air force includes new machines of very high quality, but their number is limited, and the Spitfire is still the world's best fighter, the Lancaster the world's best long-distance bomber.

Our strategy must be to see that his *Luftwaffe* is not concentrated in one sector. We must see that it is dispersed

Not Enough

The Air Ministry knows the strength of the *Luftwaffe*. So does JOHN BULL. All that can be said in public is that it is still great—*but by no means great enough to cover all the war fronts of Europe and Africa.*

Railway Hold-Up

The same can be said of the enemy's transport services. Mr. Churchill has talked of them as being severely strained, and JOHN BULL can add something to that understatement.

We happen to know the approximate number of railway locomotives available to the enemy in all Europe. We can assure you that it is far smaller than his needs.

Fool's Errands

The more trains smashed by the R.A.F., the more ships sunk by the Navy, the more Hitler's shoes will pinch.

It should now be our policy to make him employ his trains and ships on fool's errands.

Big Figures

Our transport lines are at last likely to shrink.

By regaining complete control of the Mediterranean, so that we no longer have to go round the Cape, we shall reduce the journey to Egypt by 8,500 miles, the route to India by 5,000 miles.

Though we are still fighting at the edge of a gigantic circle, we are narrowing its radius.

But Hitler's supply lines are lengthening.

It's a Long Way

Those lines stretch from Brest to Stalingrad. That's about as far as from London to El Alamein: a distance that requires a mighty lot of locomotives to keep its garrisons supplied.

Imagine his difficulties, therefore, if we force him to transport whole armies from one side of Europe to the other—and then make him realise that he has brought them to the wrong place!

Jumping to It

Already we are making him jump. We can also make him dither.

We can compel him to disperse his forces. We can stage feints and sponsor rumours.

We should so stretch his lines that they will eventually snap; we must so extend his strength that it will be weakened!

Single Command

There is something else we can and should do.

Let us apply the lesson of North Africa to all our war effort!

General Marshall, U.S. Chief of Staff, has said that the single command of British and U.S. forces on the African littoral is "most depressing news to our enemies—the declaration of their doom."

The more reason, therefore, for us to unify our strategy and our armed forces everywhere!

Plan for Peace

We should plan as a whole and act as one.

But not only for the conduct of the war.

We must plan for peace. Because we must be ready for peace when it comes.

Short Notice

Wisely, we are accumulating stocks of food to relieve the misery of the conquered peoples—when peace should make that possible.

We know Lord Woolton is alive to the need of an organisation to distribute the food at short notice.

We also need organisation to restart the shattered industries, to begin the immense task of rebuilding towns and settlements.

Where is the organisation? It does not yet exist.

Squatters' Rights!

There is a real danger that we may be caught unprepared by peace.

Yes, even in Britain itself.

True, all sorts of influential groups are busily staking a claim for themselves in the post-war world. However, it may be that the general public will not find their claim valid.

It Sounds Good

For example, 120 industrial leaders have put forward their plans. Plans which—thanks to clever window-dressing—may look good to the eye.

Government control of industry. A share in management for the workers. No competition where it would be detrimental to the State. But competition where it is beneficial to the public.

Fly In the Amber

How fair to the eye—at first sight!

But examine those proposals carefully. Then you will see that they are designed to increase the power of the giant monopolies.

Other employers are privately canvassing alternative plans. Some are good. Others are bad compromises between the pre-war order and the economic justice that most of us hope to establish after the war.

Missing

One highly important plan is missing from the collection. The British Government's plan.

Our Ministers assure us that they have ideas on reconstruction. But they keep those ideas darkly hidden from the public

Sir William Jowitt has worked hard on the subject. But it is his fellow-Ministers who get the limelight; the people are allowed to know nothing of Sir William's recommendations.

In a Fog

So bombed cities dare not reveal their plans for rebuilding for fear the financial speculators would defeat them. No plan can be made to switch over industry from war production to peace time needs because the Government's intentions are unknown.

The world of peace cannot be glimpsed—because our Ministers are befogged.

Time to Talk

But it is time for the Government to speak on behalf of the people—the people who will not be content to allow vested interests to draw up the map of a better and brighter world.

We dare not be caught as unprepared for peace as we were for war!

(Continued overleaf)

"YOUR CHEQUE IS A GOD-SEND . . . . HAVING LOST HUSBAND AND HOME"—

So writes Mrs. E. Booth, of Torquay, in acknowledging cheque paid to her by "John Bull" following the death of her husband in a recent air raid.

"JOHN BULL" offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion and Bombardment.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 126, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

IN Africa, the U.S. airborne troops have done a grand job. Our own airborne men, we ope, will soon be given an equal opportunity.

We also hope their training will prove to have been no less adequate. But we are not encouraged by what happens at one depot.

One-Track Minds

Fit young volunteers arrive for training as glider pilots. They are lectured by a colonel.

He warns them that they cannot be both airmen and soldiers—therefore they must remain soldiers.

Which, seeing that they are supposed to be trained as both soldiers and airmen, is somewhat strange.

Spit and Polish

With the result that the volunteers spend most of their time doing squad drill and polishing their buttons—just to larn 'em not to think too much of the very specialised duties for which they are supposed to be training.

With the further result that soon a lot of them—including seasoned N.C.O.s—are thrown out because their shoulder "flashes" aren't sewn on neatly enough to meet the sartorial whims of an outmoded Army tradition.

Of course, the standard of efficiency at this depot is probably high. But it might be attained more quickly, we suggest, by intensive air training rather than by parade-ground drill in which the cadets are already proficient.

Last Word

We also hope that "spit-and-polish" tradition is no longer allowed to thwart the genuine desire of the War Office to fight this war on modern lines. In this, as in other matters, we shall one day have to decide whether the War Office or the Brigade of Guards' headquarters shall have the last word.

The sooner the better.

Cause for Anger

M.P.s are indignantly using the same phrase about war pensions. We offer them a further cause for indignation—the case of an ex-naval officer who has had a blatantly raw deal.

He was in the Merchant Navy until he contracted tuberculosis. But in 1940 the Royal Navy passed him as fit—mark that—and ordered him to Bermuda.

No Pension

The summer heat there brought on a relapse with hæmorrhage. Naturally, the Navy discharged him.

Now, more than two months later, he is still in a sanatorium. And pension is denied him because his illness isn't due to "enemy action"!

Both Sides

That's the way of officialdom. It will pass you "fit" even with a history of T.B. But if your health breaks down while you're on war duty, it will deny you pension because you weren't fit when you were enlisted.

The State alone can have jam on both sides.

What's the Difference!

Here's another pension paradox: In the last war "total deafness" gained you a 70 per cent. pension. In this war it's called "absolute deafness," and rates as a 100 per cent. disability.

No Harley Street expert could distinguish between "total" and "absolute." Only Ministry muddle-pates could do that.

Sevenfold

However, our officials are expert at creating armies of clerks.

Do you know that *seven* forms have to be completed for every person who appeals against a National Service officer's decision?

Form Formality

Further example concerns a firm of engineers that repaired an important machine for a factory. It got the machine back into production in double-quick time, then sent the invoice to the Ministry of Supply.

The invoice was accompanied by a certificate signed by a Ministry representative. But the Ministry refused to pay until a special form had been obtained and filled up.

Going the Rounds

Again, one firm has been waiting five months for official permission to dispose of a high-speed machine that many factories would be glad to have.

No doubt the necessary forms are being passed from Department to Department.

No Tools

We'd like to introduce some of the fatuous form-fiddlers to a turner who works on tank parts. He went to fifteen tool merchants last week in the hope of buying a screw-gauge. His hope was shattered.

Similarly, it's almost impossible for workers or private firms to get surface gauges, micrometers or steel rules. Are they all going to Government factories? Must war production be hampered in consequence?

It's No Secret

A large number of labourers are building immense underground aircraft factories Somewhere in Britain. These men are imported from overseas—and after six months here are allowed to return home.

It is no secret that German agents meet the boats and get what information they can from the passengers. So those underground works won't be a secret much longer.

Tax Inspector Crook

Official carelessness in recruiting labour is also shown in the case of a Londoner jailed for theft.

After five previous convictions he had been engaged as an Income Tax inspector!

He was the man, we suspect, who fixed our latest tax assessment.

Are We at War!

Still, taxation doesn't worry some lucky people. In a Bradford store the other day women spent 600 guineas on hats in the course of an afternoon.

And in a village near Glasgow the district council is making new paths in a park and erecting an ornamental rustic bridge across a stream.

Past Austerity

Once upon a time the Government threatened to impose war time austerity on everyone.

But that was a long time ago.

Knick-Knacks, Gee-Gaws

So, in this fourth year of war for our life, there is no shortage of cheap jewellery and knick-knacks for "agents" to sell to poor and silly folk on the hire-purchase system.

Of course, prices have risen—so have the profits.

Naafi Does Well

There's money in Naafi, too—millions of it. But it is no consolation to hard-up Tommies that the handsome profits from camp canteens are devoted to buying sports gear and helping Service "charities."

Naafi's prices should be reduced; the Serviceman should no longer be regarded as fair game for fabulous gain.

Long Walk

Tommy is also a good customer of the Post Office. And Tommy should also be given a better deal by the P.O.

In a well-known South Country camp the post office has been closed down. So now hundreds of Tommies have to walk 4½ miles to buy a stamp—or take a 'bus that costs 8d. return.

Staff Work

These little things should be easy to remedy.

We know we can do the big things all right. Germany has never shown finer staff work than the British Navy's part in the North African landings.

All the more reason for us to clear up the little stupidities that waste time and temper. Time and temper are pretty big factors in war time.

It's Daft

Both are wasted by the system of paying billeting allowance to married men working away from home.

One man has been late for work by one minute in five months. But he has to lose one hour a week in order to collect his billeting allowance from the local employment exchange—to say nothing of a needless tram journey.

Simple Remedy

Well, if the Government is able to deduct income tax from a man's wages, it should be able to arrange for a transferred worker to be paid billeting allowance with his wages.

But nobody seems to have thought of it.

One Million a Week

Nor should it be necessary to point out that British railways will not be able to go on handling a million loaded trucks a week if more shunters and signalmen are called up.

Better far to call-up some of the young men in Government Departments.

Something Went Wrong

Maybe it was some lackadaisical youth who continued to send truckloads of stone to a new Scottish aerodrome long after the runways had been completed.

They had to be railed to another 'drome a hundred miles away.

N.F.S. Suggestion

It seems unnecessary, too, to break up homes and pay subsistence allowances by transferring married English firemen to Scotland.

Why not send the unmarried men?

Get Them Home

Another question arises from the cancellation of night 'bus services. It's tough on troops who arrive in a city late in the evening to begin their leave and then find themselves stranded.

A Manchester lady has been running for their benefit a "Get You Home" service with her car; now her petrol allowance has been stopped.

It seems mean to help an unscrupulous type of taxi-driver who will demand 25s. or 30s. to take Tommy home.

Made to Walk

It seems cruel to curtail the petrol allowance for some midwives. They are all the more important—and busy—now that there is an acute shortage of doctors. Obviously, the more they are made to walk the less time they have to devote to their patients.

Doctor's Heroic Sacrifice

In a recent air raid in East Anglia bombs fell on a mental hospital. Dr. J. A. Small attempted to extinguish one incendiary bomb when it exploded, causing him serious injuries. As a result his left arm had to be amputated.

Dr. Small has promptly received benefit under "JOHN BULL'S Free Air Raid Insurance.

JOHN BULL offers to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Bombardment, Gas Attack, and Invasion.

Behind the News

- **Nearly 10,000 Nazi "tourists" were caught in French Africa by Allied landings—and they included many expert war technicians.**
- *Moreover, £400,000,000 of war materials have been prevented from reaching the Axis.*
- There are already signs that Nazi winter clothes arrangements in Russia are woefully inadequate.
- **Three hundred makeshift camp hospitals have been hastily built in the Crimea to prevent German public from realising full extent of Nazi casualties.**
- *Moreover, huge number of wounded has caused an acute shortage of morphia; no respite from agony can be given even to the seriously hurt.*
- Reliable reports of strikes in German war factories come from much-bombed Ruhr districts, where unrest appears widespread.
- **Sure indication of the rising spirit of Europe's youth: many of those shot or jailed by Gestapo are mere boys and girls, far under twenty.**
- *So many teachers have been interned by Nazis in Norway that schools must be closed.*
- Echo of Eighth Army victory: Mussolini has now lost 75 per cent. of the trained men with whom he began war.
- **Truth behind mysterious "illness" of dictator Antonescu: he and his staff are virtually prisoners; Berlin suspects they planned to escape from Rumania.**
- *So many German soldiers have tried to buy civilian clothing in Greece that the Nazis have now banned such sales. You see, the Germans in "civies" usually disappeared in the Greek mountains. Hundreds of German soldiers deserted in that way!*

SPEAK NOW!

WITH the tide of war at the turn and resolution rekindled in millions of hearts, we have a unique opportunity to win the support of "the common man" in every country.

We profess to be fighting for his liberation, and, at this "end of the beginning," he can see for himself that we have the power to secure it.

Let the United Nations, then, tell him in the plainest and clearest words how they intend to use their victory to free him from want and fear.

The Atlantic Charter does not do this. It is too narrow in its scope; too vague in its terms.

It needs to be replaced by a clear-cut and ampler statement of war aims *and* peace aims.

It must be developed into a World Charter with the unconditional guarantee of all the United Nations behind it.

JOHN BULL has always pressed for a bold and forthright statement of this kind—a definite programme to inspire our own people, hearten our friends, win over the doubters, and dismay our enemies.

And at this psychological crisis in human history nothing could better serve our cause or more greatly enhance the prospect of early and total victory.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By the Editor

Delay in speech is sometimes no less dangerous than delay in action, and a brave crusade gains in strength by definition of its objectives. Now, therefore, is the time to speak up, and speak plainly.

When we invaded their African territory, we were plain enough in our pledge to the French people.

We told them without reserve or qualification that this was a move for victory over our enemies and theirs. We said that we and the U.S. seek nothing for ourselves.

Our leaders could see that this unequivocal pledge represented the best bid we could make for French co-operation.

HOW can anybody fail to see that an equally definite, but much more far-reaching, promise to protect their interests would be the best appeal to decent men and women in every country, not excepting Germany and Italy?

Stalin does see it. In his speech on the twenty-fifth Anniversary of the October Revolution he made a fine summing-up of the programme he envisages for the Anglo-Soviet-American coalition.

Here are his own words:

"The abolition of racial exclusivity; the equality of nations and the inviolability of their territories.

"The liberation of the enslaved nations and the restoration of their sovereign rights, including the right of establishing whatever régime they like.

"Economic assistance to the countries which have suffered and help to be given them in achieving material welfare.

"The restoration of democratic liberty and the destruction of the Hitlerite régime."

This is plain and grand speaking, but the Russian Premier showed his real bigness when he added:

"We are not burdened with the problem of destroying Germany, because it is no more possible to destroy Germany than it is to destroy Russia."

Remembering all that Russia has suffered and is suffering, the significance of Stalin's words is tremendous.

They must, however, be read in conjunction with his uncompromising resolve to "destroy the Hitlerite State and the men who inspire it; destroy the Hitlerite army and wipe out its leaders; and destroy the 'New Order' in Europe and punish its builders."

We should like to see Premier Stalin's declaration followed up and endorsed by the United Nations in a joint statement that can stand as the last word on war and peace aims.

It has been endorsed by many individual statesmen. President Roosevelt has made public utterances of close similarity, and, more recently, Mrs. Roosevelt, broadcasting from this country, has stressed the same broad principles of world-wide freedom and global reconstruction.

Again, Mr. Wallace, the American Vice-President, speaking at a celebration of American-Soviet friendship, proclaimed "the new democracy, the democracy of the common man," as a faith which all the United Nations can share.

"Somewhere there is a practical balance," he said, "between economic and political democracy. Russia and the United States have both been working towards this practical middle ground."

He went on to stress the vital importance of "willingness (among the United Nations) to support world organisation and to maintain world peace by justice implemented by force."

There is nothing new in these speeches by famous public men except the new spirit which is stirring in the hearts of all peace-loving, freedom-loving and justice-loving people the world over.

Our own statesmen, from Mr. Churchill downwards, have affirmed repeatedly their resolve to join in the building of a better world after the war is won.

But no single speech and no series of individual utterances can meet the needs of this great occasion or resolve the doubts that linger in the minds of "the common man."

The peoples of Asia, not excepting our gallant Chinese allies, and particularly including the sorely perplexed population of India, need a positive assurance that *their* freedom and welfare form an integral part of these world plans.

And, last but not least, the anti-Fascist elements in the Axis countries *must* be clearly and positively informed of our aims if we are ever to hope—as Stalin still hopes—for their final uprising against the tyrants.

In the United States and in neutral countries doubts have been expressed as to where Great Britain stands. It has been said, falsely, we believe, that we are still pursuing imperialistic aims.

There is only one way to refute these slanders, and that is by stating emphatically and unmistakably what we *are* fighting for.

Naturally, we are fighting for freedom of religion, freedom of government, freedom of speech.

We need not labour those great points. But we must make it clear to all the world that we are fighting for *economic* freedom as well.

The world's resources must be available to the world as a whole—not ruthlessly and jealously divided among "Have" and "Have-Not" nations.

That means an abolition of trade treaties which contain "favoured nation" clauses. It means an end of trade barriers and tariff walls. It means an end of the exploitation of "backward" peoples.

NOT only must we guarantee that natural riches shall be available to all who can use them. We must educate the "backward" peoples so that they, too, can enjoy their benefits.

We must hasten their political education. We must guarantee that the native races will be *helped* at the utmost speed towards full self-government.

More than that. We must ensure that not only is there no exploitation of one country by another, but that there is no exploitation in any country of ordinary people by the financial interests.

We must assure every country of complete economic security with all that it implies—an insistence on adequate social services covering health, pensions, and so on.

A mighty task? Of course. But this is a mighty war, and the people fighting it are aiming at mighty results.

Not much longer will they be content with vague promises and wordy aspirations. They are demanding plans—and that is their right.

Now is the time for us to *speak*.

Epic Tales of British Submarines

ITALY can scarcely call the Mediterannean "our sea" now.

Thanks to British submarines, she never could.

They've always dominated it—right up to the mouths of the guns on enemy-occupied coasts.

There's the story of H.M. submarine *Regent*.

She steamed into the Yugoslav port of Cattaro to pick up our diplomatic staff there.

All innocently because she didn't know the Germans and Italians had occupied the place.

★ ★ ★

But when Lieut.-Commander H. C. Browne realised it, sufficient guns were trained on *Regent* to blow her out of existence.

Time for audaci... The British submarine service doesn't lack it!

One of our officers sought the Italian Senior Officer with the request: "We want Mr. Ronald Campbell and staff."

While he searched, we took an Italian hostage on board.

All through the morning, till late afternoon, *Regent* flaunted her ensign at the hypnotised enemy—while the search went on.

Then, suddenly, the Italians struck.

Two dive-bombers swooped, wounding the submarine's captain, first-lieutenant and a petty officer.

Regent dived—complete with hostage — picked her way through the minefields.

And got back safely.

★ ★ ★

That's one of many great stories of British submarines told in David Master's "Up Periscope" (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 7s. 6d. net)—the first saga of British under-sea craft published.

Here's another from the sea that is so much in the news:

Commander Miers, in the *Torbay*, stalked an Axis convoy right into harbour.

He came up in the actual port to recharge his batteries and await the first light of dawn.

Then he sank two supply boats.

Forty depth charges dropped about her. Destroyers raced everywhere—some dead overhead. Aircraft ranged over her.

During his seventeen hours in the enemy harbour the captain heard his recall orders.

He got back to say: "I'm glad those orders didn't conflict with my operations!"

★ ★ ★

Then there's "Wanks"—Lieutenant-Commander Wanklyn to you.

His *Upholder* has sunk 140,000 tons of enemy shipping. And what Rommel could have done with some of the millions of gallons of oil he has sent to the bottom!

Such stories, abounding in a book that gives all the stories about the submarine service that can be told just now, make one wonder what thrills we may expect when the whole truth can be told!

OPEN LETTERS

HEINZ DRECHSLER,
New German Judge

DEAR HEINZ,—So the Fuehrer has chosen you to be one of his new judges? You must be proud, Heinz. It is a great honour for a man who began life in such humble circumstances. But then, the Fuehrer was only a house painter once.

You have come a long way in a short time. Little more than four years ago you were a waiter. You weren't a very good waiter, were you? In between jobs you were a petty thief—and not a very good thief, either. In fact, the only profession at which you showed any promise was murder. Remember, Heinz?

Here, in England, of course, we are degenerate and behind the times. We haven't started choosing our judges from the ranks of thieves and murderers. That is something we have to learn from the Fuehrer's New Order, so you can understand why we are so interested in such a nasty little man as you, Heinz.

★ ★ ★

Have you forgotten September 28, 1938—the day before the Munich agreement? On that day the police of Opava, in Northern Moravia, found a pretty young school teacher, named Adele Lehnert, murdered in her bed. She had been cruelly beaten about the face and strangled. In one hand she gripped part of the murderer's necktie, torn away as she fought for life.

That was your necktie, Heinz. It was you who climbed through Adele Lehnert's window and squeezed the life out of her with your bare hands. She was only twenty-four, and you killed her for a few trinkets of jewellery and her few savings.

You fled that night with the police hot on your trail. You should have been caught and hanged; instead you escaped over the frontier and became a judge. Life's queer, isn't it?

Perhaps you wonder how we know all this? It's very simple. When you reached Germany you found it easy to get employment. There were plenty of jobs in the Gestapo for thugs of your stamp. Soon you were made divisional commander of the concentration camp at Dachau.

The Czech police officer who had been after you for Adele Lehnert's murder was a prisoner there—he had been arrested immediately the Germans entered Czechoslovakia. He recognised you, Heinz. Fortunately you did not know him, or he would never have lived to escape and join the Free Czech Army in which he is now serving.

You enjoyed yourself at Dachau, didn't you, Heinz? Putting you in charge there was like giving a small boy who enjoys pulling wings off living flies a whole jar of flies to play with.

★ ★ ★

You took delight in devising fresh tortures. One of your favourite diversions was to have the prisoners led down a long, dark passage into a brightly-lit room where you stood waiting.

As they hesitated, momentarily blinded by the sudden light, you would strike them a terrible blow in the eye with your fist. You became expert at this, didn't you, Heinz? There were days when you scored hundreds of these "bull's-eyes," as you called them. Sometimes you would knock a man's eye out of its socket. You blinded many loyal Czechs in this way, Heinz. They will not forget you.

Do you know what they called you at Dachau? They called you "The Cobra," because they could not conceive anyone with warm human blood in their veins sinking to such devilish depths. That nickname will stick.

There is still a little more to tell, Heinz. In 1940 you went back to Czechoslovakia on a special mission. You were stationed in Hajda, a peaceful little town in northern Bohemia, sheltered, remote and free from crime. In the twelve months that you were there, four young women were found murdered in their beds. They were strangled, Heinz, just as Adele Lehnert was.

The killer was never found. He left no clues. But the murders ceased and Hajda's reign of terror ended when the fiend they called "The Cobra" left the district.

From there you went to Poland on an assignment after your own heart. A lunatic asylum had been commandeered by the military and the six hundred inmates had to be removed at short notice. You were chosen to organise their "removal."

★ ★ ★

You did the job with a cold-blooded, bestial efficiency. You slaughtered those six hundred helpless men and women between breakfast and tea-time.

I suppose this piece of wholesale murder set the seal of success on your career. At any rate, the Fuehrer has rewarded you handsomely. You are to be trained as a judge, and soon you will be holding the scales of justice in your murdering hands, weighing right against wrong in the courts of the Third Reich.

From waiter to thief, from thief to murderer, and from murderer to judge—yours has been a fantastic career. But it lacks a curtain, and to every drama there must be a concluding act, although perhaps that thought has not occurred to you, Herr Heinz.

I am very sure of one thing—that when the curtain falls upon your career I should not care to be in your shoes. For a day of terrible retribution for you and all your kind is coming. And when that day dawns they will take you out and hang you.

For all I know the rope may be woven already. An uneasy thought, that, eh, Herr Heinz? I wish you many sleepless nights upon it.—JOHN BULL.

LADY MILNER,
Widow of the Statesman

DEAR MADAM,—Your views of the future are in sharp and disagreeable contrast to those of everyone I know.

And I know quite a lot of "ordinary" men and women in the street—men and women who will not be content to have the new world mapped out for them by people like yourself, but will want a big share in the map-making.

According to you, "the re-establishment of the Entente Cordiale with France should be the prime object of our post-war policy."

One object, certainly. But not the prime object. Our first and greatest aim will be complete understanding with *all* our allies and particularly with the U.S.A., China and Russia.

Believe me, Russia will not be too busy—as you suggest—to make her contribution to world affairs.

Nor, I am convinced, will the U.S.A. "devote herself to picking up what she can of the British and Dutch Empires."

That is a mischievous and contemptible sneer.

I should prefer to ignore it but for the fact that people might be inclined to credit you—and some others who have recently spoken in the same strain—with more influence than I believe you possess.

I am happy to think you will have no influence in the shaping of post-war conditions.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P.,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Not yet are our seamen fairly treated. Tributes to their courage are no consolation for harsh dealing.

They are not getting it, you know.

Let me give two examples. A man on leave in a West African port was left behind when his ship had suddenly to put to sea. He applied for help to the police, who disbelieved his story and imprisoned him for a month.

When the mistake was discovered, he was set free and shipped home as a "distressed seaman." Arriving here, officialdom would give him no help to obtain the £25 in wages owing to him; so, without seeing his family, he had to put to sea again wearing a few oddments of clothing.

The next instance concerns the crew of a ship torpedoed off the same coast. One of the men was a veteran of the *Altmark*. He lost all he possessed, had to buy new clothes, yet on arrival in Britain received only £5 from the shipping company and was then told he had overdrawn his account by £8 6s. 4d. Now he is destitute.

You will agree that it's a poor system that concerns itself more with £ s. d. than men's lives—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

It is Time We Turned Pro.!

A SENIOR tank officer of the Eighth Army, summing up Montgomery's heartening victory in the Western Desert, declared: "You can say that we have finished being amateurish. We have fought this campaign as professionals."

The obvious and ill-considered retort to that would be: "About time, too!"

★ ★ ★

For three years "amateurish" efforts brought us a series of disasters on land. True, our armies were ill-equipped and numerically inferior.

But few people could rid their minds of the suspicion that we were also beaten by superior strategy and tactics and by tougher leadership.

There has always been in this country—at least among those people who consider themselves to be the country—a contempt for professionalism.

Not, of course, the professions, medicine, the law, the church, the arts—for those are the quintessence of dignity, of learning, of culture—and of easy living remote from those who toil.

We had Gentlemen and Players coming out separately on to sunlit cricket fields; amateur footballers distinguished from professional footballers; tennis players suffering loss of social prestige because they turned a natural gift into a money-making asset.

Professionals were and are the cream of any sport. Professional soldiers in the past have not always been the cream of their profession.

That was because they did not depend on professional skill—as did the billiards player, the footballer, the cricketer—for the means to live.

This war's amateurish efforts darkened the national life for many months, and, happily, brought many changes in leadership.

And, at last, it seems that we have generals who in ruthlessness, toughness, determination and professional skill can meet and beat the best of the Nazis at their own game.

★ ★ ★

Alexander and Montgomery have purged that amateurish element from their commands. They have gone into battle strong, reliant and hard.

A game to be won or a campaign to be won? What's the difference? Put into the conflict everything you know. Yield nothing. Fight, fight, fight.

The amateur complex has done us grievous harm since September, 1939.

If it has completely and finally vanished—as the tank officer declares—then the rout of Rommel becomes not only a magnificent victory, but a cheering symbol of greater things to come.

This is the tale of Sven, Sven the shipwright's son, who stole a ship and away he run. . . . A yarn that breathes the old Viking spirit of Norway, of a daring escape not merely to shake off the hideous Nazi tyranny, but to leap into the front line.

How 'Galtesund' Found Freedom

By COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

Here are some other Norwegian patriots who, like Sven and his comrades, escaped to fight the Germans

GALTESUND is a biggish, bluff, stolid Norwegian ship, and I like the salty name of her.

When the Germans came with paratroops and tanks into little Norway *Galtesund* was caught in Flekkefjord, a port on the south Norwegian coast.

Stormtroopers and local quislings stamped loudly over her seamed decks, and "commandeered" her for the Fuehrer.

I have had Norway sailors under me on more than one ship, and they are slow men, steady, calm, dogged; but when they are made angry, after thinking steadily over an injustice, then things happen.

Galtesund's crew, taken unawares, said little. They waited to think this thing over.

Then came the news of the shameful fox-hunting of King Haakon by German bombers—that pointless bit of Hun barbarism that failed in all it tried to do—and succeeded in lighting a flame of anger that ran from Nordkyn to Oslo, and will smoulder till the last German has gone.

On Dark Nights

And then, in Flekkefjord, a man was shot for striking a German officer who had insulted him.

Sven [whose name is not Sven, but I do not want his relatives in Norway to be used as hostages] began to talk to his friends on dark nights.

The invaders did not notice a little food secretly collected here, a revolver and ammunition furtively smuggled from hand to hand in another place.

Once a girl carrying a revolver was stopped and sharply questioned; they did not know what lay hidden inside a new loaf she held unwrapped in her hands.

Meanwhile, *Galtesund* had been put on coastal cargo work for the Germans. She was put on the Oslo-Bergen run.

British bombers of Coastal Command go out night after night to sow mines in the Cattegat and the Sound, where enemy shipping has to pass the narrows between Denmark and Sweden.

So many ships and cargoes, Russia-bound, were lost there that the Germans started a brisk business shipping stuff to Bergen and farther north along Norway's west coast.

Going "Ratting"

The *Galtesund* was put to that trade.

Also she carried important passengers; quisling officials, German *Gestapo* men going "ratting" (as their term is) in loyal Norwegian communities, and occasional enemy officers.

One afternoon *Galtesund* left Flekkefjord about teatime with a heavy and important cargo and some quisling officials lounging in the best cabin.

Sven and some of his friends, and the revolver the girl had smuggled through, and some other weapons, were also aboard.

One hour later the ship was due to call at a port on the route to Bergen. She did not arrive.

Telephones, telegraphs and then radios leaped into activity.

A German armed patrol boat went foaming out to sea with her motor thrumming its top note. One—two—three Arado seaplanes took off with a splash of foam, and roared out westward looking for the vagrant ship.

Meanwhile, things had happened aboard the *Galtesund*.

Quisling's Shock

Down in the cabin the door had opened quietly.

"Who is that? How dare you come in here?" barked the quisling leader, a fat young man in black uniform, with knee-boots polished brightly.

Then he realised that he was looking into the business end of an automatic, with Sven's face grinning behind it.

"Hands up, the lot of you, QUICK!" Sven snapped, and there was no laughter in his voice. "Right—go in and disarm them, and then tie them to their chairs."

Two young men brushed in from behind him.

It was obvious the thing had been nicely planned.

Two minutes later the young men, backed by some sailors, appeared on the bridge, while others made an entry to the engine-room.

"The ship is under new command," Sven said grimly. "Sorry, skipper, but you must take your sailing orders from me. Head for England."

The Captain looked at the revolvers.

"You're mad," he said. "The Germans will run us down in half an hour."

"We'll risk that," Sven answered. "Turn her head."

"I don't like it," the Captain said slowly. "I've my duty to the owners, and to my passengers and crew. You as well as the rest. If we're sunk—as we shall be by those *swine* . . ."

Sven smiled; but his finger tightened on the trigger.

"We aren't asking your agreement, Skipper. You do as you're told or else we shoot you and do it ourselves. I'm glad you don't like them, either, though."

"I act under protest . . . but, by God, I wish you luck, though I'll beat you if I can; my duty is to my owners," the Captain said glowering.

With a revolver at his ear, the sailor at the wheel was forced to turn the ship's head direct out to sea. The engines began to turn faster—faster.

Amateur Sailors

Presently, the ship was thumping along as if she would lift her engines clean out of their beds, at a speed she was never built to attempt.

Sven stood beside the Skipper on the bridge. The young men had carefully worked out a course weeks beforehand, and now they sailed it.

They were amateur sailors only, but they had the spirit that inspired Columbus and Drake to find their way through unknown seas.

All along the south-east coast of Norway the hunt was up.

Speedboats, destroyers and patrol ships were pouring out of port after port.

Heinkel bombers, Arado float 'planes and big Dornier flying-boats were scouring hundreds of miles of water, stooping low over every ship they saw.

As *Galtesund* pounded along a Heinkel, flying very high, passed at great speed overhead. As if Neptune himself intervened, a sudden puff of sea-mist hid the ship.

The bomber went tearing on across the sky, and its crew apparently never looked back.

Night came down on the sea.

Beneath that black mantle, without lights, navigated by a landsman who knew nothing of sea-roads, the ship kept on her western path.

After endless hours the dawn broke, cold and grey and stormy. And it disclosed a ship tearing along in pursuit, but still several miles off.

British? German? Who could tell!

Whistling Steam

It overhauled *Galtesund* slowly, though her engineers and stokers, assisted by two lads of Sven's "boarding party" stripped to the waist, forced the ship till it seemed that she would blow up.

Every pipe-joint leaked whistling steam, the engine-room was like a fog-bank, and the engines themselves seemed to lift and rock in their beds.

The pursuer emitted a flash, and a shell exploded to port. No doubt of her now—a fast German patrol boat.

Another shell came whining over the ship and fell a little way ahead, cutting up a volcano of water.

"She's got our range. Pity we've nothing but pistols," Sven said calmly, as he stood on the bridge, unshaven, hard, determined.

And then to my ears there came a faint humming.

"'Planes as well?" he remarked just as calmly. "Keep her stepping along."

But those were not German 'planes. They were five Whitleys, in V-formation, on a mission from Scotland.

They took in the situation, and came swooping down. Without waiting to dispute the matter, the German speedboat turned on its tail and went hell-for-leather back eastwards.

Two Whitleys detached themselves from formation and went off to see it home.

Britain at Last

The other aircraft circled above the Norwegian ship. Not that there was much longer any need. For presently a destroyer came fussing up, and she was British

In due course Sven guided his vessel into a British harbour.

Bearded, dead-tired, but once more with the air of freedom in his nostrils, he said: "I want some sleep. Then I'd like to join the Norwegian army. I'm not much of a sailor, really. . . ."

Did the wine-cups clash, I wonder, in far Valhalla as dead Norsemen drank to the man and ship that would not stay in thrall?

Goebbels Juggles with Rommel's Rout

THE Afrika Korps was reeling back under the hammer-blows of the Eighth Army. Full retreat was turning into a rout!

And what do you think the German people were told about it?

★ ★ ★

"The British Commanders have been taken unawares by the speed and precision of Rommel's operation!"

It was in the Nazi communiqué!

You can almost picture the surprise of Alexander and Montgomery as the Nazis fled hurriedly and in traditional goose-step.

Everything has, of course, gone "according to plan"! New positions which the fleeing Germans and Italians have taken up are always "more favourable."

Then, as a little variation, a German military spokesman threatened ominously:

"Rommel has many cards up his sleeve!"

You would hardly believe what the Germans dared to claim when the British break through occurred. Goebbels reached new heights of fantasy.

"At a dramatic climax," said the German news agency, "Rommel threw in his tanks for an annihilating flank thrust!"

The German people, however, were not told who was annihilated.

When the first phase of the battle was over and breathless Rommel tried to lick his wounds, Goebbels got better.

★ ★ ★

Berlin radio blurted out:

"Rommel's present situation is far more advantageous than it was in all previous battles against the British."

"Another Rommel masterpiece!" was the comment of a German military spokesman, who grudgingly admitted that the Afrika Korps had "retreated a little."

"Rommel, the master of desert strategy, has now got what he likes!" was another typical Nazi boast after the Axis forces had been chased into the desert.

★ ★ ★

"The British plan must fail!" echoed Nazi newspapers—long after Rommel failed to hold the line.

There came an avalanche of explanations showing why and when a defeat is not a defeat.

Rommel receiving reinforcements, Rommel preparing to attack, Rommel organising hedge-hogs . . were some of the new claims.

But the Italians, as usual, spoilt everything. They admitted their severe losses and the difficulty of the position, quite unashamed!

★ Inside the web of Germany's destiny big generals are being used like chess pawns in the swiftly moving struggle for power, and the complete change in the kind of war Hitler must now fight is speeding up this drama in the camp of dwindling hopes

Moves Behind the Nazi Curtain

Fox-faced Jodl usually got in the first word

A NEW man sits in the very private room at the end of a long corridor on the second floor of the Berlin War Office.

It is the office of the Chief of the German General Staff, who has always been credited with the most powerful position behind the political scene in Germany.

The new man is General Kurt von Zeitzler, and his appointment is one of the most significant confirmations of the dramatic change in Hitler's fortunes.

Zeitzler is an omen of defence.

All along it has been possible to read the chart of Hitler's gamble for world conquest by the changing of his higher generals.

Remember how he changed the top structure of his military organisation in 1938!

War Minister Blomberg disappeared. General von Fritsch, the C.-in-C. of the Army, was dismissed and subsequently killed. A new Chief of the German General Staff moved in.

Cunning Design

That new chief was Franz Halder, a brilliant soldier, who, as Quartermaster-General, largely determined and chose the equipment for Germany's rearmament.

But before he stepped into his big job, Hitler had firmly established his cunning design to break the power of the German General Staff.

When war broke out he had created an entirely new organisation for the direction of the military campaigns.

Moving with him in his mobile Field H.Q. were a new set of men who constituted the "O.K.W." (Oberkommando der Wehrmacht), the supreme command of the German armed forces.

Every picture which showed Hitler as Chief of the Armed Forces included Keitel, the taciturn yes-man who, in fact, if not in name, holds the post of Germany's War Minister.

Behind Hitler and Keitel one could always discern the foxlike face of a middle-aged bold man, General Jodl, about whom little was known except that Hitler had chosen him as his personal military adviser.

Even before Hitler assumed personal command of the German army, these two men, Keitel and Jodl, had the first and last word in all military decisions.

Long before the Chief of the German General Staff could make himself heard they had imposed their will on Hitler.

But neither Hitler nor his two military cronies could dispense with the services of Franz Halder and the hundreds of military scientists who work under him in the Berlin War Office.

Planned Blitzkrieg

This hierarchy was not prepared to abdicate and relinquish the influence it had always exercised on German affairs.

They could, of course, reinforce their stand with the claim that it was Halder's and their own work which had made the succession of German victories possible.

Theirs was the grand strategy of conquests which looked like turning into reality what Nazi Germany, at all events, had sung for years: "....To-morrow the whole world belongs to us!"

And Halder had given the army the weapons of attack—the giant tanks, the dive-bombers to prepare the way for them, the fast-moving assault guns and all the paraphernalia of aggression as Germany practised it.

Had not their weapons brought success? Had the tanks not rolled swiftly over the plains of Poland? The dive-bombers and assault guns had conquered the European continent!

The position of the German General Staff seemed impregnable. The reports of hundreds of staff officers would always guide Hitler, Keitel and Jodl. They could not do without them!

But Hitler was not the man to accept this position. We know how many expert generals were dismissed, how the flower of the German General Staff disappeared, one after another!

Hitler had refused to listen to them. Hitler had overridden the German General Staff which no German military leader had dared to disregard.

We know to-day where it has landed him. There can be no doubt that it was against the advice of solid soldiers that Hitler insisted on a winter war in Russia last year.

Stretched Too Far

It was, perhaps, against the advice of the German General Staff that he extended his lines of communications so far that he is now forced to defend vast coastlines against the attack of an enemy which he thought he had beaten.

Suddenly it was realised that the grand assault weapons of the German army were not suitable for that task.

Tanks had not been built to be dug in as gun posts in Russia. What use could an army on the defensive make of dive-bombers?

Germany's new military position demanded a complete change in strategy and weapons. More work behind the lines was to be done, and only the German General Staff could do it.

But it had to be a General Staff with a different frame of mind. Hitler himself had spoilt the great Halder plan of conquest.

It was no longer a problem of swift advance. On the contrary—the growing strength of the Allies had to be taken into account.

Germany's military experts, instead of making blitzkrieg, had to devise means to face it.

So Halder had to disappear from the scene. He is now reported to have undergone "an operation," which is the Nazi formula for dismissal and purge.

General Kurt von Zeitzler was put in his place.

A little-known professional soldier who finished the last war only as a lieutenant, Zeitzler has one task and one task only. He knows Hitler's orders:—

Save Germany!

"Defend the Nazi Continent! Save Germany!"

German generals who have been discarded have to be called in to take charge of the multifarious pressing problems which face the German High Command.

Field-Marshal Witzleben, of whom nothing has been heard for years, was ordered to look after the Axis African position.

Most of the members of the so-called Nazi Armistice Commission in Africa were already drawn from his staff. In an attempt to stem the Allied avalanche Hitler asked Witzleben himself to take charge of the Nazi counter-offensive in Africa and to try to extricate Rommel.

In the same way other German generals were summoned to cope with France. A complete reorganisation of Nazi commanders was hurriedly arranged to counter the vigorous military strokes of the Allies.

It was obviously no happy day for Hitler, Keitel and Jodl when Halder went and Zeitzler arrived. They did not relish the idea of recalling German generals with whose services they thought they could henceforth dispense.

Let Them Quarrel

It was the end of their dream of world conquest, the beginning of a period during which the fate of Germany and the Axis-controlled European Continent would depend on improvisation, never Germany's strong card.

To-day, both Hitler's O.K.W. and the famous German General Staff are in the same boat.

They may quarrel again, but the subject of their quarrel can be only gratifying for us.

Let them decide which of them is losing the war for Germany!

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

HITLER'

NOW we have recovered our breath we may usefully inquire where the tornado of the past fortnight leaves Hitler and what we may expect him to do to retrieve the situation.

But first a tribute is due to those who conceived and those who executed this twin *tour de force*

By universal acclaim it is, in scale, secrecy and success, the most brilliant achievement in the history of British and American arms.

It is a crushing and final reply to those critics who have so long assured us that there was "no central direction of the war" and that we needed a new War Ministry to give us victory. We shall hear no more of that.

Let us look at the immediate and prospective fruits of the double blow in Africa in relation to our position. It has transformed our whole strategy.

IN THE ABSENCE OF ANY FORMIDABLE AND DECISIVE COUNTER-BLOW, WE HAVE RECOVERED THE DOMINION OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Since the fall of France practically the whole littoral of that sea, north and south, has been in enemy hands.

On a perilous margin we have kept our naval supremacy, but all the air bases, with the exception of Gibraltar, Malta and Alexandria were in control of the Axis or their friends.

The sea was closed to us as a route to the East, and we could not munition even Egypt without sending our ships thousands of miles round the Cape of Good Hope.

The miracle of Malta has only been possible at a ghastly cost to our navy.

★ ★ ★

With the coast of North Africa now largely in our hands we shall be able to give air cover to our fleet throughout the Mediterranean.

We shall be able to supply Egypt, Malta, the Middle East and India in half the time and with a third of the shipping required hitherto.

Consider the bearing of this fact upon the terrific problem of transport alone. It is equivalent to the release of millions of tons of shipping.

And this at a time when our gravest peril is still that of the U-boat.

There is no need to stress the enormous military importance of clearing the enemy root and branch out of Africa and of destroying finally the threat to the Suez and the Middle East.

NOR ARE ANY WORDS REQUIRED TO EMPHASISE THE MORAL EFFECT OF THE BLOW UPON THE ENEMY AND NOT LESS UPON THE NEUTRAL WORLD.

Demoralised Italy sees the imminence of terrible things. Vichy France reels under the blow.

And from Spain to Turkey and Norway to Greece the double triumph in Africa has clinched the growing belief in the victory of the United Nations.

Turn to the prospect as Hitler sees it after his African catastrophe. With his army snowbound in Russia he faces the wreck of his strategy.

R'S LAST PHASE BEGINS

★ And for us it is the stretch on the road where we will have to be more alert than ever. In the fury of his disappointment, this mad tyrant will fight like a gangster at bay before he goes down.

By A. G. GARDINER

The keynote of that strategy was the pincer movement which was to culminate in the Middle East, the right claw driving by way of the Suez to its union with the left claw coming by way of the Caucasus into Persia. There, with good luck, Hitler would join hands with Tojo coming by way of India.

That dream is shattered. The Russian claw of the pincers is still on the wrong side of the Caucasus and now the African claw is ground to dust past all visible likelihood of ever coming in sight of the Suez again.

Hitler sees himself more securely locked in his prison than ever. Westward he is hemmed in by the British Fleet. Eastward indomitable Russia holds him at bay. And now his hopes of breaking loose by way of the Mediterranean and Africa have vanished.

He is a caged beast, and though the cage is as big as Europe it is none the less a cage.

Moreover, it is a more effective cage than it has ever been. Not the least important result of the African coup is that the last great gap in our blockade is now sealed.

THANKS TO THE VICHY SCOUNDRELS, MARSEILLES HAD BECOME THE ONLY GREAT PORT OF ENTRY LEFT IN EUROPE FOR THE EXTERNAL SUPPLY OF HITLER'S WAR MACHINE.

Through that port thousands of tons of material, ranging from iron ore, rubber, manganese, oil-seeds, phosphates, wool and hides to fruit and vegetables, not to speak of hundreds of thousands of sheep, passed from North Africa to Germany's ravenous maw.

They will pass no longer. We are at Oran. We are at Algiers. Hitler can put up his Marseilles shutters. The prison is closed at last.

It will not be a pleasant prison. While the legend of Hitler's invincibility lasted the fear of his power and of the certainty of his victory was the chief source of his strength.

But the legend has gone and the fear is going with it. The legend has been badly mauled in Russia and now lies dead and damned on the African deserts.

With the prison bolted and locked and with Germany fighting on the defensive and with its back to the wall, the Hitler myth has lost its terror, and all the forces of rebellion that encompass Hitler within his prison are gathering courage and strength.

Italy has ceased to be an asset and has become a liability. The slave states, like Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, are seething with unrest.

The unconquered peoples of the conquered countries, Norway, Poland and the rest, await only the signal to strike.

And in the neutral countries, Spain, Turkey, Sweden, Switzerland, the passing of the Hitler myth is reflected in the new note struck in Spain and in the bold speech of Sweden's Foreign Minister.

Most significant of all is the depression that has descended on Germany. There, by order of Goebbels, the anniversary of the Hitler putsch *in* 1923 *has for the first time been passed unobserved.*

No flags. No fanfares. No hosannas to the Nazi divinity. The disillusion has come. The myth is dying even at its source.

★ ★ ★

BUT THIS DOES NOT MEAN THAT DANGER IS PAST. THE BEAST IS CAGED AND CORNERED, BUT HE HAS MIGHTY TALONS, AND WITH HIS OWN NECK AT STAKE HE WILL FIGHT WITH THE FURY OF THE WILD CAT AND THE DESPERATION OF THE GANGSTER AT BAY.

In the last resort he will wreck Germany if only in that way can he complete the ruin and the wreck of the Europe he hates.

His resources are still immense, though the balance is now against him.

He will turn the screw on the wretched criminals of Vichy and lay the lash across the backs of the broken and helpless Italians.

He will use famine to drive his subject peoples to work and die for him. If they will not do his bidding they shall perish.

And though the myth has faded in the eyes of his disillusioned people, they will still, like the docile sheep to which he has likened them, obey the whip of the Gestapo and die for the Satanic faith with which he has inspired them.

No, the danger is not over and this is no time to relax. It is the moment to strike with all we have, on every front and in every element—air, sea and land.

IF WE CAN LIVE UP TO THE MAGNIFICENT STRATEGY AND PERFORMANCE WHICH HAVE THRILLED US IN THE AFRICAN CAMPAIGN, THEN WINTER MONTHS WILL BRING US TO THE THRESHOLD OF VICTORY.

HITLER'S LAST PHASE HAS BEGUN.

The long trail of Axis prisoners from the desert débacle signposts the path of disillusioned fanaticism

This Time He Didn't Want To Invade!

FOR the first time in the sordid history of Nazi aggression Hitler finds himself in the rôle of a conqueror against his will!

Occupation of the whole of France has created great and dangerous problems for him.

German troops sorely needed for other purposes are now forced to garrison a big territory from which he cannot derive any profits.

★ ★ ★

Hitler, of course, would never have hesitated to occupy the whole of France after the defeat of the French army in 1940.

When Pétain asked for an armistice he was ready to go right ahead to make victory over France complete and to become the undisputed ruler of the French Republic.

But he soon realised that such a move would result in a continuation of French resistance.

His military experts told him that Bordeaux — where the French Government then resided—would continue resistance, that the French fleet would join Britain, and that the French African Empire would throw its weight into the scales on the side of the Allies.

That is why Hitler restrained himself for once.

With the help of his cunning agents and French fifth columnists he embarked on a scheme to achieve by treachery what he was unable to gain by a military move.

He helped to create "Vichy," that symbol of French decay. He flattered the collaborators, the Lavals, Doriots and all the others.

But new problems arose.

The German army was locked in deadly battle in Russia. Thousands of German soldiers were killed in the battles of Leningrad, Moscow, Voronezh, Rhez and Stalingrad.

Hitler no longer had sufficient troops to occupy France when treachery had paved the way.

Every man that could possibly be spared from the Russian battlefields had already been moved to the Atlantic seaboard in the West to guard against Allied invasion of the Continent.

That was the moment when the master-stroke of the Anglo-American forces in Africa changed the whole picture of the war.

★ ★ ★

Rommel's Afrika Korps was sorely beaten up, and what hope there was of saving it from a rout lay in the ability of the German High Command to send strong reinforcements to Africa.

The strategic prizes of the Mediterranean were passing into Anglo-American hands, and German troops had to be rushed from Greece and from Rumania and, possibly, from the southern Russian front to attempt a desperate diversion in Tunisia.

Italy was exposed to an Allied invasion at any time.

Can you imagine Hitler's feelings when it dawned on him that he would have to counter the Allied moves by a complete occupation of France?

★ ★ ★

One can almost visualise the German commanders counting the number of troops which they would have to withdraw from other vital fronts for the purpose.

Allied strategy opened up other unpleasant possibilities. Everywhere along thousands of miles the Nazi Continent of Europe has become a target for attack.

To add to his troubles, Hitler will now have to face the hostility of the French people in what was Vichy France. He can no longer count on a French quisling government and its police to hold them down.

A dozen times in the course of this war Hitler had bellowed the order to his generals: Invade!

The whining tone of his letter to Pétain shows—if nothing else—that this time his voice trembled and his heart was heavy when he did it for the thirteenth time.

V. S.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS COMMENTS

THE SPY WITH THE SHOPPING BAG

BOTH the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Food recently issued emphatic instructions reminding investigators that the use of agent provocateur methods was forbidden.

This was after a number of disquieting complaints had appeared in the Press alleging that shopkeepers and their assistants were being deliberately tricked into committing offences.

Now I find that a most pernicious system of tracking down alleged offenders is being employed in other spheres.

The offender is a firm calling itself "The Lodge Service." It has headquarters in Regent Street, London, and a branch in Manchester.

Its proprietor is an Australian named E. R. Lodge, and he specialises in rounding up dishonest shop assistants on terms which are distinctly remunerative.

Without mincing my words, I say that I have never before encountered such unfair methods of investigation.

Lodge has a large staff, and solicits employment from big retailers in all lines of business. He does so by parading self-acclaimed successes before the proprietors.

Mr. Sandbach, the Marlborough Street magistrate, made scathing comments

Many stores in London and provincial towns employ him; others have ceased to do so for reasons which should soon be obvious to all.

"Sales Auditors"!

He does not call "The Lodge Service" a private detective agency (although that is precisely what it is), nor does he classify his staff as "investigators." He puts his firm forward as "Sales Auditors," and describes his thirty or forty assistants as "reporters."

Pointing out "the dangers that retailers are exposed to by the loss of coupons, failure by staff to carry out instructions, etc.," Lodge offers what he calls "a complete Service against this new menace, as well as the normal problems of widespread dishonesty, inefficiency and system troubles."

His plan is to root out dishonest servants by a series of secretly performed "test sales" which really means that agents approach shop assistants in the guise of genuine shoppers.

When he obtains work with a store he charges fees according to the size of the staff. His terms, generally, are one guinea per assistant up to the number of twenty, and half-a-guinea in excess of that number.

This covers "a complete Cash Sales Audit of the store for a period extending from ten to thirty days."

Lodge stipulates that his fees are to include 50 per cent. of all restitution made as the result of his firm's efforts.

Most Undesirable

It is most undesirable that any firm should be allowed to undertake such work when its remuneration depends partly on the number of offences discovered.

Now, most big stores have their own private detectives who are engaged on the permanent staff. They are usually retired C.I.D. officers, and they follow justifiable lines of inquiry.

"The Lodge Service" directs that its men must work apart from house detectives, who are to be kept in the dark as to the "outside" investigations going on in their midst.

To begin with they go into a store posing as ordinary customers. Often as many as three "reporters" will go up to a counter, one after the other, all pretending to be in a hurry and all demanding immediate attention.

One might go off without taking his receipt. Another might place the money on the counter and depart without further ado. The assistant may be new to the job or only partly experienced.

Many Complaints

Many complaints have been made about these reprehensible methods.

Some of the "evidence" produced against dupes has been of a type no magistrate would ever entertain; in fact, more than one magistrate, in cases where prosecutions have ensued as the result of "The Lodge Service" inquiries, has made caustic remarks about its methods.

A young woman, whose name I shall withhold for obvious reasons, worked, until recently, as a saleswoman at a well-known London stores.

She had been employed there for five years, and had never given cause for the slightest complaint or suspicion.

On "evidence" produced by this enterprising firm she was arraigned a few weeks ago before Mr. J. B. Sandbach, K.C., at Marlborough Street Police Court, on charges of embezzlement.

The individual sums involved in the charges against her were, respectively, 3s. 6d., 6s., and 2s. 6½d.

The sole witnesses against her were six "reporters" of "The Lodge Service," three of whom testified to the fact that he or she had made a purchase relating to these different sums.

No Restrictions

The girl said she had been taken to an office before being charged, and urged to make a confession.

Mr. Sandbach, after hearing all the evidence, declared that it was **most undesirable that this firm of "Sales Auditors" should take on the work of the police without any of the restrictions imposed on the police.**

The young woman was never cautioned, was cross-examined, and had had no one to help her.

His sympathies, the magistrate added in dismissing the case and awarding costs against the prosecution, were very much with the woman.

"It might be a coincidence," he said, "but, if so, an extremely strange one, that the only sums she was accused of embezzling were those paid by these 'reporters,' while all other sums were meticulously accounted for."

Chance to Steal

It was admitted that the young woman had twice accounted for money which she could have put into her pocket without anything being found out.

Nor is this all. "The Lodge Service" also records on specially printed forms whether assistants encountered in its sham shopping expeditions are good and pleasant workers, or off-handed, casual, and inattentive.

Many assistants have been sacked through such reports, probably without being given the real reason for dismissal.

It is appalling that such mean and un-English tactics should be used on hard-working shopgirls, and used, let me emphasise again, by a firm which depends for its profits on the number of offences its agents are able to discover.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. S. Bardsley, Evening Street, Failsworth, Lancs, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are welcomed on all subjects calling for inquiry or comment. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93-4, Long Acre, London, WC2.

LOTTERY FARCE STILL GOES ON

I AM delighted to learn that, following my recent exposures of lotteries run in the name of Charity for private gain, questions are shortly to be asked in the House of Commons as to why action is so rarely taken against promoters who knowingly break the law.

★ ★ ★

Inquiries are now reaching me about several new ventures which are quite illegal, and it is obvious that if enterprises of this kind are to be put down the Home Office *must* insist that local authorities make wider and quicker use of the powers granted to them under the Betting and Lotteries Act, 1934.

As things stand at present, the most blatant lotteries can be run with impunity to enrich, not the charities they name, but the professional organisers conducting them.

Tickets before me relate to a famous blind charity which has lent its name—unwittingly I have no doubt—to an organisation formed solely for the purpose of the appeal; to an obscure charitable organisation run from an address in Surrey; to a small orphanage and to a so-called "comforts fund" for Servicemen.

In each case the appeals have broken the law in some respect or other.

People who are sent unsolicited books of tickets to sell—and they must total tens of thousands in the course of a year—often do not realise that they are commiting an offence in selling the tickets.

★ ★ ★

That is why, unless any such appeal is made in the name of a club, firm or business "circle," of which you are a recognised member, and is being limited strictly to members in conformity with the law, you'd always be wise to return the tickets to the sender by return of post.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU...

HAS THE TIDE TURNED?

● It turned when, after weeks of well-planned preparation and bombardment by overwhelming air forces, the Eighth Army smashed the myth of Rommel's "invincibility" by attacking the all-conquering *panzer* divisions head on, smashed its way through, and made them run.

Hitler's armies took it on "the chin" for the first time. At last, British troops proved that, when equally armed, they were better than Nazis who had enslaved all the rest of Western Europe.

Yes, the tide has turned. Whatever Hitler does now, whatever his temporary successes, his fate is irrevocably sealed.

Britain, by standing alone in 1940, proved her courage. To-day, she and the United States are piling up such a..ns, and her other Allies, Russia and China, are showing such resistance, that we can already glimpse the end—the freeing of a dozen enslaved lands and a great and lasting victory.

WHAT HAPPENS TO ALL THE PRISONERS?

● Many are puzzled when they read how, in Libya, prisoners have been taken in tens of thousands. They do not understand that, before a battle begins, plans are made for all such contingencies.

Besides, in Egypt, there are few difficulties. Food is plentiful. The climate is so warm that clothes and shelter offer few problems.

In the cold of Northern Europe, vast wooden camps have to be built. In the Nile Valley, tents are sufficient. There, all day, prisoners can lie about in the sun.

Actually, our Italian captives are now having the best time they have known for many months. The Germans, more closely guarded, glare and growl.

WILL WOMEN'S INTEREST LAST?

● Once the excitement of war is over, say some, women will want to go back home; others foresee their increasing activity in the nation's affairs.

So far as their share in industry is concerned, most women, I imagine, will revert to their peace time pursuits and occupations. Their use in business and manufacture will be confined to the extent to which they are needed to supplement men. That, we cannot now judge.

But in regard to women's post-war place in politics, the professions and municipal administrative jobs, I foresee tremendous advances.

Women should have a great place in Medicine, for instance, for child and maternal welfare will need lots of women doctors.

Women architects should help in the planning of homes.

Female problems can only be solved by an increase in the number of women in Parliament and in the local councils of every kind.

The last war gave woman the vote. This one should teach her how to use it.

WE'VE HEARD FROM THE BOY

"He's sent us this bunch of pictures," said Mr. Bone. "Here are some photos he's sent us," said Mr. Pendle

MR. BONE stepped off the 'bus, turned and stepped out. He dodged his way along the busy pavement, and presently came slap up against a man. He stepped to the left, the man stepped to the right. He stepped to the right, the man stepped to the left. They stopped and glared. Then grinned.

"Pendle!" cried Mr. Bone.

"Bone!" cried Mr. Pendle.

"Well, this is a surprise!" said Mr. Bone.

"It certainly is," agreed Mr. Pendle. "Bit of a coincidence, too. We were talking about you only the other evening."

"Funny," said Mr. Bone. "*We* were talking about *you*."

By which time they had stopped shaking hands.

"Look hear, you've got to come and have one," said Mr. Bone. "I know a place after your own heart up a dark little alley along here."

So arm-in-arm they went along and up the dark little alley to the place which was indeed after Mr. Pendle's own heart and obviously had been after Mr. Bone's own heart for a long time. Mr. Bone, calling over closely packed shoulders, ordered two "nice ones" and smiled back at Mr. Pendle.

"Must be two years ago," he said.

"All of that," said Mr. Pendle. "More. Just after the fall of France."

"That's right," said Mr. Bone. "Time does gallop."

He managed to manipulate the glasses over the closely packed shoulders and then led Mr. Pendle to a quiet corner, where they could talk.

"Good health," said Mr. Bone.

"All the very best," said Mr. Pendle.

Mr. Bone placed his glass on a shelf just above his head and began to fumble in his pocket.

Mr. Pendle placed *his* glass on a shelf just above his head and began to fumble in *his* pocket.

"We've heard from the boy," said Mr. Bone.

"We've heard from the boy," said Mr. Pendle.

Into the dim light of the little bar Mr. Bone dragged a pocket-wallet.

And so did Mr. Pendle.

"He's in Egypt," said Mr. Bone.

"He's been," said Mr. Pendle, "in Canada for the last year or so."

"Artillery," said Mr. Bone.

"R.A.F.," said Mr. Pendle.

From his pocket-wallet Mr. Bone dragged a little collection of snaps.

And from *his* pocket-wallet Mr. Pendle dragged a little collection of snaps.

"He's sent us this bunch of pictures," said Mr. Bone.

"Here are some photos he's sent us," said Mr. Pendle.

And Mr. Bone gave his little collection of snaps to Mr. Pendle, and Mr. Pendle gave his little collection of snaps to Mr. Bone.

"Gives us a real thrill to hear from the boy," said Mr. Bone.

"It's a red-letter day in the family when we get a letter," said Mr. Pendle.

"As soon as we see a Canadian stamp——"

"As soon as we see an Egyptian stamp——"

Mr. Bone reached above his head, lifted down his glass, took a deep drink and put his glass back.

Mr. Pendle reached above his head, lifted down his glass, took a deep drink and put his glass back.

"Pretty decent bunch of pictures," said Mr. Bone, pointing to his collection which Mr. Pendle was holding limply in his hand.

"GOOD lot of photos, those," said Mr. Pendle, pointing to his collection which Mr. Bone was holding limply in his hand.

"You can spot the boy at once," said Mr. Bone. "Look! he's there at the front—second from the end."

"The boy's grown," said Mr. Pendle, "but there's no mistaking him. See! right in the middle there."

"You can see how happy he looks," said Mr. Bone.

"Cheerful as they're made," said Mr. Pendle.

"He's learning a bit of geography at last," said Mr. Bone.

"He's seeing the world," said Mr. Pendle. "And always such a stay-at-home. Never even seemed to want a holiday."

"There in the background," said Mr. Bone, "are the Pyramids!"

"See that!" exclaimed Mr. Pendle. "Niagara Falls!"

"And I've never been farther than Llandudno!" said Mr. Bone.

"And I used to think Penzance was the end of the world!" said Mr. Pendle.

"The Pyramids!" said Mr. Bone.

"Niagara Falls!" said Mr. Pendle.

"There's another one here shows the Sphinx," said Mr. Bone. "Or part of it. The boy's in the way."

"*This* one," said Mr. Pendle, "shows the skyscrapers at Montreal. Some of them, at any rate. The boy wanted to be in it, I'm afraid!"

"The third one——," said Mr. Bone.

"There's one under there——," said Mr. Pendle.

AN hour later the two barmaids began to be interested.

"What's it all about, do you think?" asked Mabel.

"Sons in the Army," replied Jane.

"You think that's what it is?"

"Sure. Seen enough of it to know. Had letters from 'em, you can bet. With snaps. Places across the sea what *they've* never been to. Doing a gentle swank, bless their old hearts. D'you blame 'em?"

"I do not," said Mabel.

But an hour later Mabel began to think it was time for action.

"Better tell 'em the roundabout's stopped going round," she said.

"I'll tell 'em," said Jane.

And she went across to tell them.

"We've been closed for the last ten minutes," said Jane.

"Sorry, sorry, sorry," said Mr. Bone.

And he took his collection of snaps back from Mr. Pendle and replaced them in his wallet. And Mr. Pendle took *his* collection of snaps back from Mr. Bone and replaced them in *his* pocket.

And they both went out, looking rather guilty.

That night Mr. Pendle said to Mrs. Pendle:

"Ran into old Bone in the City to-day."

"Really?" said Mrs. Pendle. "After all this time! It must be years. And how are they all getting on?"

"Oh, they're getting on all right, I think. Old Bone's getting fat."

"Well, I never! And how's the boy?"

Mr. Pendle looked puzzled.

"I don't think he mentioned him," he said.

★ ★ ★

And fifteen miles across London Mr. Bone was saying to Mrs. Bone:

"Met old Pendle in the City to-day! After all this time."

"Well, what next!" exclaimed Mrs. Bone. "And how are they all getting on? That boy of theirs. . . ."

"Do you know," said Mr. Bone, "I quite forgot to ask!"

"JOHN BULL'S" SHORT STORY By WILL SCOTT

HUMAN MACHINE

NO SUCH ANIMAL!

There is a type of man who always blames his misfortunes on "bad luck." He's a feeble type really.

All he's doing is to shirk the real issue and try to park his own responsibility somewhere else.

There's no such animal as luck! If you believe in luck, then you cast thinking and reasoning to the winds.

You believe in blind chance. You deny the very existence of the law of cause and effect.

Everything that happens, whether to you as an individual or to the nation or to the whole human race, has a cause.

And a cause that can be traced by anyone who cares to think hard enough and delve deep enough.

Nothing at all happens by chance. Everything happens because something else has happened previously.

Bad luck or good luck—what does it matter?

Either you laid a good trail of circumstances to bring you to a happy ending, or a bad one with the very opposite, but none the less natural result.

Don't blame things on the "unexpected," either. There isn't such a thing.

The "unexpected" is only the unforeseen—and that's a very different thing. If you fail to foresee something, whose fault is that?

Thought — thought—thought—you can never have too much thought, too much controlled and definite thinking.

It's the only way to make sure that what happens is what you want to happen.

All New World Planners Are Fair Game

LIKE most of us, I am ready to kick the men who are planning the world that will follow the war. Like most of us, I am ready to kick the men who are *not* planning the world that will follow the war.

I smell too much of this and too much of that and not enough of the other thing.

This scheme, I decide, is all wrong. And that scheme, too, is all wrong, although it is quite a different scheme.

I go over the details of the schemes as they appear. And I sniff.

I don't want *that* and I don't want *that* and I don't want *that*.

All right; what do I want?

Nobody ever asks me that question, but if somebody did I'd be floored.

I am ready to kick the men who are and are not planning the new world, but—have I got a plan of my own?

No, I have not.

★ ★ ★

What sort of a world do I want after the war? Can I give an honest answer to that question?

No, I cannot.

Or, rather, I could give hundreds of answers. I could give a dozen answers every day. A dozen different ones, because every day my ideas change.

One day I want a new world entirely, with all the old litter and shams and stupid customs wiped out. A clean start from scratch, and a real try this time to make something different.

Then the next day I remember all the delightful things about the old world before the war—and there were many. And those, at any rate, I want kept in.

The old world was untidy. All life has always seemed to be untidy, and that way it was dramatic and unexpected and charming. Let the new world, then, whatever else it may be, be untidy and higgledy-piggledy.

And then I pass a slum and compare it with a modern garden city and decide that the new world must be *planned*, that, whatever it may be, it must *not* be untidy.

I change my mind seven times a week. I change my aim. Even my wants change.

I want the State to look after each of us from the cradle to the grave. I want the State to go away and stop interfering.

I want white, I want black, and I want a nice grey in between.

Except when I don't know what I want.

★ ★ ★

I suppose the men who are—and are not—planning a new world have to be kicked; otherwise they'd run away with the whole bag of tricks.

But when it comes to trying to do myself the things they are—or are not—trying to do, I must admit I have to give it up.

I don't know if anybody will make a good job of the new world after the war. But—since we're being honest—I do know that if I were offered a million pounds, tax free, to do the job myself, I'd have to turn it in.

It's a tough job and it's beyond me. Yet still I kick.

Funny world. . . .

A. G.

Gun Platforms as Paying Guests!

★ Here are some more revelations of the very human machinery behind the requisitioning of land and property needed for military purposes — and of householders who know how to keep secrets.

IF you have travelled at all extensively in war time Britain you will know what a huge armed camp the country has become.

Vast trench systems spread themselves over the meadows. Gun pits, tank traps and holes that serve no apparent purpose gape in the fields. Fungus-like pillboxes have sprouted in unexpected places. Hadrian's walls of barbed wire are everywhere.

It all looks so conglomerate and haphazard. But every square foot of hole or concrete, every yard stretch of wire, is part of some big, carefully worked-out purpose.

An Army general, striding across fields with other officers and one or two civilians, is the only one in the party who knows the Grand Strategy.

B. P. Spokesman

He stops in the middle of a meadow. "We'll have that hole here," he says.

A young officer speaks up. "I am afraid it will make things somewnat difficult for the farmer, sir," he says.

One is a little startled at his temerity. But there's no temerity about it.

That young officer is a Land Agent of the Army's Lands Branch.

It's part of his job to be spokesman for the British Public.

"What does our friend of the Ministry of Agriculture have to say about it?" asks the general.

A representative of the Ministry is always invited out on these reconnaissances to see that farming—the Food Front—suffers a minimum of hurt.

"It will be a tremendous shame, sir," he says. "You see——," and he wades into a maze of farming intricacies.

The general rustles his papers. "Any suggestions as to where I *can* put it?" he asks. Land Agent and Ministry official fire suggestions.

At once the general's face lights up.

"That *will* do just as well," he says. "We'll have it there."

We reach houses.

Mr. Jones readily agrees to have the walls of his house slotted for machine-gun fire. It doesn't affect his occupancy.

He will be paid a weekly sum and his property will be restored after the war to its original condition or proper compensation paid.

In Back Gardens

Mr. Robinson and Mrs. Brown agree to have pillboxes in their back gardens for a shilling a week.

It's wonderful how people will go on living in a house containing a platform for a gun without telling their best friends.

And now there arises the necessity of requisitioning houses — some of them homes in which people have lived for generations.

The Quartering Commandant comes into this. In fact, the reconnoitring party becomes very big indeed.

There is the Barrack Officer to say whether it is the sort of place that is wanted. A doctor if troops are to occupy the building

Our old friend the Land Agent to remind the authorities: "Fair price for this is £200 a year, and we'll have to pay the fair price. And it just isn't worth £200 a year for the purposes we have in mind."

And others, all there to safeguard somebody or something—if only public funds!

Yet there are still people who think the Army snatches whatever it wants.

The Quartering Commandant hears what all the experts in the party have to say, and on the basis of their advice, plus the known needs of the Army, he decides whether to requisition or not.

And should the building be requisitioned, the Army becomes responsible for it until the day when it has to be handed back in its original condition, or due compensation is paid.

I went to a part of Britain where it had become necessary to requisition two areas, one of 18,000 acres and the other of 7,000 acres, *en bloc.*

The crops were just coming through when the Army took charge.

The Army paid the value of the matured crops less the cost of getting them in.

The County War Agricultural Committee has just got the crops in, including corn from 4,000 acres, and 7,000 tons of sugar beet.

On the Spot

The Army has found food for the nation *and* recouped itself!

Its Parliamentary powers do not permit it to compensate for loss of profits, but the farmers were satisfied they had had a good deal.

Pay offices were opened on the spot so that there would be no delay in payments to farmers, labourers and cottagers.

The authorities interpreted the Act as sympathetically and generously as possible to avoid hardship.

The local parson, losing his flock, was found a new living by the Bishop.

As he had to stay with friends until the new job was found it meant two moves, with consequent expenses under a dozen heads.

A farmer who had to move couldn't get a new farm until Lady Day.

That meant that he had to move his stock, his straw-stacks, his appliances and general farm impedimenta first to a neighbour's farm and later to his own new place.

It looked as if the Act concerned pays for removal—not removals.

But the Army found it proper to pay for *removals.*

Some of the farmers had claims totalling thousands.

Because farmers have to use their money in these days, payments were made within two to four days of the claims being agreed.

Not Hitler's Way

Yes, war is a hard business.

It hurts when you have to tell somebody to go, and you hear all their worries: who is to turn the water off, will the gas people read the meter, what is to be done with the coal, and so on?

The Lands Branch of the British Army lifts all these worries off their shoulders.

It tells them: "If you have one sleepless night over the money that is due to you, we have failed in our job."

It may have failed sometimes in the rush of the early days of war.

But it rarely, if ever, fails now. . . .

Peaceful fields have to be turned into potential battlegrounds, snug homes into gun-nests. That is war.

But we are not doing it Hitler's way.

MAURICE FAGENCE

The Browns and the Joneses whose homes would be in the front line have places ready for big guns

YOU WANT TO KNOW

SINCE the demand for non-ferrous metals there has been a big crop of queries from puzzled housewives.

Mrs. H., for instance, thinks that if she puts her old potato-masher outside for collection, the first tramp who passes may convert it into beer instead of Spitfires.

So she asks if it wouldn't be prudent to smash it up so that it cannot be sold second-hand?

The answer is "No." Special depots have been provided by the local authorities throughout the country. Once handed in at a proper depot, any object is sure of going to the right quarter to be broken up by experts.

Similar questions are asked by Mrs. B., who has an old clock and an electric bell for disposal.

She should certainly hand them in intact. They contain several different metals, including yards of copper wire. To smash them up first would add to the experts' difficulties in sorting out the various parts.

Another problem concerns the tops of soda-water siphons. Generally speaking, siphons are the property of makers and should be returned to the retailer.

More Salvage Stewards are needed to organise collection and help instruct householders. Application should be made to local authorities.

VOICE

"WHEN we move, it will be non-stop and, gosh! the lads intend to make it a Marathon race, with Jerry flying for his life."

And that's Signaller G. Manson, writing it from the Egyptian desert to his family at Richmond Park, Birmingham.

It shows how eager our troops were to attack, and—now the Great Push has been launched—how justified was their complete confidence. Signaller Manson also wrote:

We have started a "kitty," which already amounts to a few pounds, for the first men who get a pot-shot at Old Man Rommel.

P.S.—Funny, isn't it, seeing how much sand we have in these parts. Also "Sandy" McPherson is our favourite broadcaster!

AND THEY ARE!

There was the same note of supreme confidence in a letter from Sergt. C. H. McEwen, Royal Artillery, to friends at Devon Place, Edinburgh.

Apart from the sand and a few minor ailments, the boys are in fine fettle and looking forward keenly to the time when we start chasing Jerry off this particular part of the map.

. . . Up to now this country has had two main industries—growing sand (it goes down your neck, up your nose, and into your ears), and breeding flies. But there'll be a third—driving Rommel back the way he came, and farther.

I hope it won't be long before we start worrying about where we'll go for next year's holiday! You never can tell, and I was always a little optimistic.

STILL SINGING

Girls in uniform are fired with the same fine spirit.

Here's a vivid glimpse from Pte. A. Fellows, of the A.T.S., writing to her mother at Hollybrook Road, Birmingham:

We were moving from —— to —— and due to start at midnight. We were in full travelling kit, and looked like decorated Christmas-trees.

In honour of our departure we were given a farewell concert by the boys at a neighbouring camp. A great "do" and how we sang! The concert ended with the boys singing "Good Night, Ladies."

We were then escorted back to the parade ground to the tune of "When They Sound that Last All-Clear."

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

Private firms have to release young men and women for the Services, while many Government Departments retain them indefinitely although Trade Union chiefs state that Government offices are often grossly overstaffed.—"Cymro," Wales.

★ ★ ★

It is a scurrilous libel to suggest that all temporary Civil Servants are "dodging the column." Most of us are doing a vital job of work and we are tired of being a national Aunt Sally at which almost everybody hurls a brickbat. —"Another Temporary," Feltham, Middlesex.

★ ★ ★

Fourth year of the war and three men were fined for taking salmon from the River Wye by using explosives. Fined, mark you (!), for the misuse of such vital materials of war.—Robert Lock, Exmouth, Devon.

My brother in the R.A.F. came home three hundred miles for his leave. Reporting back, he learned that he had now to go to a camp three hundred and fifty miles away, yet only one hundred miles from home. A telegram would have saved the waste of a three hundred and fifty mile journey!—G. P., Old Colwyn, N. Wales.

★ ★ ★

I am solving the Christmas present problem by sending 5s. books of stamps in place of the usual gifts. Thus the Chancellor will benefit and the overworked Post Office will be relieved of Christmas parcels. — Mrs. S. C. Christmas, Lancing, Sussex.

★ ★ ★

'Bus services have been drastically cut to save petrol, yet private cars may still be seen outside cinemas, hotels and greyhound tracks.—C. Oldfield, Balmain Road, Sheffield.

OF THE TROOPS

It was a glorious moonlight night. Masses of troops on the parade ground.

Then at the last moment Jerry planes came along and dropped flares for our special benefit, so we had fireworks and all!

We marched to the station to the sound of gunfire, but still singing!

300 Ft. WATERSPOUT

U-boats and bombers don't provide the only excitement for the men at sea.

A.B./W. Lowndes, gunner on a merchant ship, tells his parents at Spring Street, Slaithwaite, Huddersfield:

We saw and felt a waterspout yesterday.

The cloud seemed to form a letter V, with the point touching the water; then we heard a noise like a bad-mannered person trying to drink very hot tea, only a thousand times louder.

Meanwhile, the sea began to go round in a circle until it formed a whirlpool, and finally a pillar of water went up in the air to a height of 300 feet, disappearing into a cloud that grew blacker and blacker.

Then, soon afterwards, all that water came down again in a rush, fishes included—and that, my dears, is a waterspout.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one Published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

JERRY WAS WRONG

Incident before the Rommel gallop began—told by Driver W. P. Jones, Royal Army Service Corps, in a letter to his wife at Freeholdland, near Pontypool, Mon.:

I have been in a few unpleasant predicaments, but to step out of a lorry and find two grinning Jerrys lying behind a machine-gun is no joke!

The first chap said: "George, the war is over for you"—but he was wrong.

We were taken to German Brigade H.Q., where we were kept for a few hours.

In the afternoon our tanks appeared on a near-by ridge, and the Germans all remembered a very important appointment elsewhere.

They went off with a rush, and we were left to our own devices, being peppered by fire from the retreating enemy.

That night we marched back to our lines, little the worse for our adventure.

THAT MONKEY

Driver Ralph Rotheroe, Royal Army Service Corps, writing from India to his mother at Albert Road, Liverpool:

The monkey I bought for seven rupees was a bit of a lad, but his idea of a game was not ours.

I kept him on a chain in my billet, and took him out for walks like a pal. In fact, he was a well-behaved monkey when I could keep an eye on him.

But one of the boys let him off the chain when I was out on duty one day.

You should have seen our billet after Joey had launched his offensive! The place looked as if it had been struck by an earthquake.

He climbed up to the shelves and threw shaving kits and mirrors all over the place, tore up shirts, "pinched" bars of chocolate, and tried eating our cigarettes.

Eventually he perched up in the rafters, wearing a forage cap and a piece of torn shirt as a muffler. For two hours he sat up there grinning and "answering us back."

At last he came down to get a banana, and I got him.

P.O.W. CAMP

Prisoners of war in Germany find that an occasional game of football helps to relieve the monotony of life. One prisoner writes to his sister at Hawkes, Yorkshire:

The sun was shining yesterday, so we had a game of football. Our "ground" is nothing to boast about. It lays alongside our hut and measures about ten by fifty yards.

If the ball goes over the touch-line the guard swears, as he has to open the locked gates of our prison to get it back for us. We told him to leave the gates open to save him the bother of opening them each time, but he took a poor view of that suggestion. He seemed to be afraid of civies getting in!

I've not had any cigarette parcels yet, but I live in hope. The commandant has explained that no transport is available to bring them from the Red Cross people at Geneva. We offered to go to Geneva to get them ourselves. Another good suggestion that was turned down!

CRASH CYCLING

How a first-rate R.A.F. pilot serving in India proved that he was not so good piloting a bicycle is told by L.A./A. Barr, R.A.F., in a letter to his wife at Elizabeth Street, Glasgow:

Eric and I were cycling away from the Empire Cinema on borrowed bikes, and were short-cutting across an open piece of ground when trouble overtook Eric.

A native with a bike loaded with washing was approaching, with the result that he and Eric both tried to avoid each other, but failed.

The result was that Eric, the native, bicycles and the washing all bit the dust. Happily, Eric's machine, on which he had rashly deposited £3, was O.K., but the native's bike was in a devil of a mess.

To make matters worse, the native could not speak English, so we carried on a conversation in dumb-show, to the great amusement of the crowd which had now gathered to see fairplay.

A native policeman also arrived, but as he, too, could speak no English, his advice did not help us, as we couldn't understand it.

Meanwhile, the crowd was getting more excited, and it seemed that a riot might break out at any minute. At this critical moment the situation was saved by a man in the crowd, who acted as interpreter, unpaid.

After a protracted conference, the native's machine was repaired for 2s., which Eric paid with a deep sigh of relief. I gave the native 8d., and the crowd applauded our munificence by giving us a salute!

Which all goes to show, darling, that it pays to do the right thing—regardless of cost!

"She begs me to marry her."

HUMANIST tackles every kind of human problem, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted (without, of course, giving your name).

SHOULD MEN MARRY OUT OF KINDNESS?

ROBERT BURNS, in his "Address to the Unco Guid," appeals to those who have never gone astray to be merciful in judging others:

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human.

I was reminded of the poem by reading a recent letter from a man.

"I have hesitated to write to you before," *he says*, "but it seems to me that you are the one person in the world who can help me now.

"Two years ago I met a girl of my own age, and becoming friendly we eventually became engaged.

"I loved her very much and believed that she loved me, too. You can understand the shock it was when a year later she finished with me and got engaged to another chap who was a great pal of mine.

"I made up my mind to avoid seeing either of them, and did so, but last week I received a letter from her saying she was coming to see me.

"She is in a most unenviable position: She is in trouble, but her lover has been killed. She begs me to marry her.

"I may as well tell the truth which is that I despise her and love her at the same time. While we were engaged I always found her a really nice girl, so you will understand what a shock this has been."

The problem is: should he marry her or not?

I have had a number of letters from men who have married in similar circumstances—out of pity or kindness of heart.

Some of them have never regretted it for a moment; others have been bitterly disappointed. There can be no ruling on such a problem.

One sentence in this particular letter makes me feel that the marriage would be a mistake.

When the writer says that he despises the girl and loves her at the same time I can only guess what he means—that he is physically attracted to her but cannot forgive her lapse.

Physical attraction in itself is no permanent foundation for marriage: it is like building a house on shifting sand.

Other qualities are necessary—mutual respect, common interests, temperaments that harmonise, willingness to understand and make allowances.

I am afraid he put the girl on a pedestal instead of regarding her as a fellow-being, with human frailties as well as virtues. None of us is 100 per cent. saint or 100 per cent. sinner.

When we realise this fundamental fact about human nature we do not break our hearts by being disillusioned.

Any man or woman is liable to be carried away by passion, but some people seem unable to understand or to forgive; a marriage with such a person is likely to be exceedingly unhappy. This is the kind of love which is really blind.

Now to return to another subject. I want to express my thanks to scores of readers who wrote about the man who was stricken with grief at the loss of his dog.

Is it wrong to mourn over an animal pet?

"No one who is not fond of animals can understand the peculiar heartache that follows the loss of a dog," *says one reader.*

"Not until after he has gone does one fully realise how very closely an animal can twine himself round his owner's heart.

"Who but a dog can give so joyous a welcome when his master returns home at night?

"Who but a dog bears no resentment after punishment or will overlook past neglect?

"The best advice to give to the mourner is to replace the pet as quickly as possible. He may think he can never care for another, but let him get one.

"But all unwillingly and unknowingly the doggy affection and faithfulness will steal into the empty heart and the old wound will find healing."

ANOTHER, from a woman reader, deals with the subject of the afterlife.

"I lost my pal fifteen years ago," *she writes*, "and fretted terribly. But the ghost of a dog does return, as I saw mine twice.

"I was thinking about him and missing him so for the daily walk when all at once I felt something brush past me and heard a joyous bark.

"I was amazed but saw nothing.

"Three days later I did actually see him as I came out of my bedroom. There he stood, with his tail wagging. He ... across the landing and down the stairs before me.

"I decided to give up worrying, as he was better sleeping. It is not sinful to mourn for a pet, but it is wrong to dwell upon the loss, as it makes other people unhappy and becomes an obsession."

This reader also repeats the advice about getting another dog to replace the lost one, adding:

"Don't compare his ways with the first one, but give him a chance to prove his worth. I did, and I never regretted it."

Many letters came from spiritualists, who say they have seen the spirits of departed animals. Several readers recommended books on the subject, and there were some poems of real merit.

But I have no more room this week. Another time, perhaps.

INDULGENCE

DON'T fall into the trap of Indulgence, it is treacherous, deep and wide, and it creates a furtive appetite which is never satisfied. It weakens the will and then robs it of all its clear cut force, and it saps the strength of the heart until it slides on a downward course.

IT shrouds the mind from all Duty as it rears its sickening head, and less the effort to combat it the wider its spell is spread. It hypnotises and bewilders as it lures us into its net. For WHATEVER THE FORM OF INDULGENCE it is a Star in Life's Lost World set. J. M.

PHOSFERINE
is a tonic in the truest sense

declares Mrs. E. S.

"Since taking Phosferine I have been very much better in health. It is most excellent for nerve treatment, indeed it is a tonic in the truest sense of the word. After a few doses I began to get relief (from neuritis), and now I feel wonderful."

(Sgd.) Mrs. E. S., Stoke-on-Trent.

You can feel Phosferine doing you good so quickly . . . your strength returning, tiredness and pain vanishing—often enough after the very first dose. Get some Phosferine to-day.

1/4 (No. 1 size) & **3/3** (No. 2 size)
(Including Purchase Tax)

2 Tablets equal 10 drops

PHOSFERINE
THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

Depression · Headache · Indigestion · Brain Fog
Neuralgia · Sleeplessness · Influenza · Rheumatism
Sciatica · Anæmia · Debility · Neurasthenia

Sometimes hard to find—
but always hard to beat!
(Made for women-folk too)

WORKWEAR LTD., LIVERPOOL

diphtheria is DEADLY

PROTECT YOUR CHILD

Have your child Immunised FREE—*the sooner after the first birthday the better.* Ask at your Council's Offices or Welfare Centre.

Immunisation is safe and simple

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH

DS

GOOD
Fruit and Sugar make good **FOOD**

BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS

Best Value for Money
Best Value for Coupons!

"Walters' **Palm**" **Toffee**

DELIGHTS - STRENGTHENS - SUSTAINS

Control Price 5d PER QTR.

LAST LAUGH

E. F. (Dorking).—"The silver in a 3d. bit is not worth 3d." The expression on the face of a West End hotel cloakroom attendant on receiving one of these coins as a gratuity will corroborate this.

R. W. (Colchester). — "The domestic fuel-watcher performs a useful task in ensuring fuel economy." He can also station himself outside the house near the waste pipe and act as bath water-listener.

F. K. (Leeds).—"If the conservative City man could be persuaded to wear a beret, a lot of felt would be saved." The Board of Trade might try launching a campaign to popularise the brimless bowler.

P. N. (Putney).—"A musical comedy produced over forty years ago in London has been revived." Used sparingly, the jokes should last our radio comedians for some considerable time.

SCHOOLMASTER (Birmingham).—"In my experience I have found that a dull boy will often get to the top of the tree in later life." Just an example of the sap rising.

G. J. (Hoxton).—"He was fined for throwing coal at a cat." It must be clearly understood that a cat—however vocal at night—is not the Fuel Target meant by the Ministry.

L. G. (Oxenholme).—"He suffers a lot from corns and gets very irritable when anybody refers to the subject." It would be more tactful to keep off them altogether.

F. N. (Chepstow).—"A Board of Trade advertisement says that once you have used your clothing coupons they are gone." Many husbands find they are gone even before that.

L. N. (Portshead).—"No two people ever think alike." Nonsense. Haven't you ever seen a collection of wedding presents?

MATRON (London).—"What can a mother be thinking of who bribes her little son to be good?" Probably that she can't let him grow up good for nothing.

BILL (Burnley).—"When is the ordinary fellow most likely to get married?" When he least expects it.

SUSIE (Ely).—"I may be young, but all the same I expect to be looked up to." Not looked round at?

OLD BOB (Lincoln).—"This war has given me the surprise of my life." Been offered a job?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"I only got one war aim, mate, and that is:—To make a world unfit for Nazis to live in"

Side-Slips

PAIGNTON OBSERVER.—". . . supports the old proverb which says: 'Spare the ROAD and spoil the child.'"

EVENING TELEGRAPH.—"B— K— pointed out that a SON of good food had been taken out of Monikie last year."

DAILY EXPRESS.—"Many M.P.s there were who lamented how unrepresentative this PLEASANT Parliament is . . ."

KENT MESSENGER. — "Between them they could only muster a small dinghy to which they all SUNG desperately."

ISLE OF MAN WEEKLY TIMES.—". . . was to suppose that a CAN could not be serving his country unless he wore a khaki or blue suit."

GREATEST OF THESE

● For fifteen months Harry Stanley served in the Royal Navy, being discharged last July through chronic bronchial trouble. He has no pension.

Owing to his illness rent is in arrears and his wife and child of three are threatened with eviction.

In his distress he has appealed to our Fund for assistance, as there is no prospect of him being well enough to do anything but light work for some considerable time. Such work is almost impossible to secure.

The family's sole income is 15s. weekly, out of which 7s. 10d. rent has to be paid.

Will you please send a donation, earmarked "Sailor," to help this pathetic little family over their present trials?

Letters for this case, or for our General Fund, should be addressed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Every penny sent is passed to those in need, as all administration expenses are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act*, 1940, as "*The* JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund.*"

FIRST PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,348

G. Hutchinson, 12, Hardman Rd., Reddish, Stockport, for this "Bullet":—

JOHN CITIZEN'S BURDEN CALLS FOR "SECOND BACK"!

£20 : F. Graham, 55, Jasper Ave., Deneside, Seaham, Co. Durham.
Easy To Talk—About India—Talk With!
£10 : W. E. Beint, 40, Rayfield Grove, Swindon.
Dad's Guinea—"Pills" That *Caused* Back-ache!
£6 : W. Whitaker, 68, Conway Rd., Cwmparc, Treorchy, Glam.
The Blame—Are "Contentionists"—and "Magdalens."
£4 : F. Bond, 36, Partridge Rd., Yardley, Birmingham.
John Citizen's Burden—Doubles Him? Doubles Shares!
£2 : Miss D. Whittingham, 68, Winsford Glns., Westcliff-on-Sea.
Common-sense Demands—Mobile Units—Immovable Unity.
£2 : Mrs. E. Brayshaw, 76, Healey Wood Rd., Burnley.
Spent On Toy—Nearly *Real* Gun's Price!

100 XMAS CAKES SEE OFFERS NEXT PAGE

20s. : H. Rees, 21, Dumpton Park Rd., Ramsgate.
Hitler Forgot—Manx's Share—RAF Didn't!
20s. : G. Finn, 21, Graham St., Bucknall, Stoke-on-Trent.
John Citizen's Burden—Tolerable, If Bringing Toleration.
20s. : M. C. Morgan, c/o 17, Balhousie St., Perth.
She's Only A Girl, But—"Heroine" In "Great Production."
20s. : Mrs. J. E. Matthew, 25, Freehold Ter., Burnham.
Easy To See—"Bulldog's" Knees Won't Knock.
20s. : Miss M. Smart, "Kaie," Canberra Rd., Christchurch.
Dad's Guinea—Plus Lotta, Flavoured Stew!

A list of 20 winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2/- 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

4 BIG CHEQUES
WON IN XWORD 300

WINNING WORDS: 1. Dust. 2. Limb. 3. Beer. 4. Bund. 5. Lie. 6. Him. 7. Rig. 8. Starling. 9. Rain. 10. Male. 11. Flat. 12. Diving. 13. Gust. 14. Smile. £100 SHARERS: Sto. E. Atkins, H.M.S. Lydd, c/o G.P.O., London; J. Beard, 77, Pensby N. Lane, St. Helens, Lancs.; Cpl. V. J. Enright, Somewhere-in-Britain; Miss M. Ware, Charlton Fitzpaine, Crediton, Devon.

(They will also receive Surprise Award at Christmas) Awards Value £25 shared between 50 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE **£340**

FUEL COMMUNIQUE

FUEL RIGHTS- and WRONGS

IT'S RIGHT TO:

Put a fire brick in your open fire.
Lag hot water pipes.
Share your fires with friends and neighbours.
Sift cinders.
Keep the bath down to 5 inches.
Follow B.B.C. economy cooking hints.

IT'S WRONG TO:

Have a gas or electric fire turned full on when less will do.
Have breakfast by a fire in another room when you could have it in the kitchen.
Light fires in bedrooms except in cases of illness or old age.
Neglect any possible way of saving fuel.

THE BATTLE FOR FUEL

KEEP YOUR EYE ON YOUR FUEL TARGET

Issued by the Ministry of Fuel and Power

Make the most of every fill

More FOUR SQUARE is being smoked to-day than ever before. We are manufacturing up to the limit of our quota. There is only one way to make supplies go round and that is for everyone to make sure that he doesn't waste a shred of the precious leaf. The commonest cause of waste is the leaving of a dottle of unsmoked tobacco at the bottom of the pipe. This can be prevented by crumpling a small piece of paper (a cigarette paper for choice) into a ball and putting it at the bottom of the bowl before filling.

Look out for the many other Four Square Hints appearing in our advertisements.

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND **FOUR SQUARE**

BE STRONG!- *in Body & Nerves...*

All our Strength of Body and Nerve is needed to cope with to-day's strains, irks and dangers. Weakness and Overstrain cause Depression. Mental and Bodily Power depend upon a sufficiency of essential Vitamins in the system, particularly of the B group of Vitamins, the richest known natural source of which is *Yeast*. YESTAMIN is pure Vitamin Yeast—not a drug, but a mighty Tonic Food which vitalises and sustains both body and mind, builds up resistance to common ailments and imparts True Strength. Yestamin does not claim to work miracles, but take it regularly for a month—preferably with your meals—and you'll gain immense benefit from it.

OF ALL CHEMISTS

YESTAMIN
VITAMIN YEAST TABLETS
Entirely Free from Drugs
100 for 1/3. 300 for 3/3
THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO., LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT.

Don't let Colds develop

Home Made Cough Mixture That Nips Them in the Bud

Here is the recipe for a simple but very effective medicine you can make up now and keep ready for a dose at the first cough or sneeze.

Directions: Heat half a pint of water, to which you add one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength), which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients. You may sweeten the mixture to your own taste with any of the following: a little sugar, or syrup, or juice from jam or tinned fruit. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times per day; for children, use a teaspoon. You can get a 1 oz. bottle of Parmint (Double Strength) at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the ingredients and dosage.

FALSE TEETH and false economy

Artificial teeth can only effectively replace natural ones as long as they fit absolutely perfectly. To persist in wearing a loose denture which causes discomfort and embarrassment is false economy, because the trouble can so easily be put right. KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, *for making false teeth fit firmly*, will hold it securely in position for many hours, ensuring comfort, confidence and proper mastication. Recommended by Dentists. Handy sprinkler tins 1/3d., large 'Economy' size 3/3, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE
Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

BE QUICK for YOUR XMAS FEAST!

VALUE OVER £125 for 1 WEEK X-WORD
1st PRIZE £100 RUNNERS-UP AWARDS VALUE £25
UP TO 50 4lb XMAS CAKES ONE WITH EACH RUNNERS UP AWARD VALUE 10/- OR OVER

Xword No. 300 Result—page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot.

TRY John Bull's 10-MINUTE X WORD No. 304

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d	3d	3d
1 SHOWS LIGHT THE USE OF	WOO			
2 IT'S GENERALLY A BAD SIGN WHEN YOUNG BODY LACKS	EST			
3 GREAT TRADESMENNE MAY WELL BE MOST IMPRESSIVE IN	FUR			
4 THERE ARE SOME TO WHOM HEAVY BURDEN OF RESPONSIBILITY IS THIS	OAD			
5 CAN HAVE DEPRESSING EFFECT UPON PRICES	GLU			
6 IS SOLD WHEN YOUNG	GO SE			
7 LONG HOURS OF EXACTING WORK ARE APT TO LEAVE A MAN FEELING HE'S	DRU GED			
8 THERE ARE PLANTS WHICH NEED SPECIAL KIND OF	AI			
9 HE'S A POOR BOWLER WHO CAN'T SEND DOWN SUCH A BALL	GOO LY			
0 MEANS NOTHING TO SOME MEN	ERO			
11 NOT SURPRISING WHEN FOUND BEING	FOG			
2 PAYING SUCH RENT IS NATURALLY A SOURCE OF INDIGNATION	ACK			
3 MEANS TO SWALLOW A LOT	GUL			
4 CHRISTMAS CARDS ARE OFTEN	S OWY			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Dec. 12

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK
No. ..... MONDAY, NOV. 30

Signed .....

Address .....
304.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6
To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie as Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bullets charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated December 19, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

BULLETS PRIZES £200 INCREASED XMAS OFFER

FIRST PRIZE £50 VALUE OVER £200 100 FINE 4lb XMAS CAKES

£25 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/-

1,000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Dec. 11.

WHEN VICTORY COMES
BEHIND HITLER
KEY TO THE FUTURE
MEN AND WOMEN
ALL OUT
UNITED WE STAND, BUT
PLOTTING AND PLANNING
THE U-BOATS
ESSENTIAL
TO END THE ARGUMENT

SEEMS ALL WRONG
GRIM STRUGGLE
NOBODY WANTS
CURE FOR OUR ILLS
ASTONISHED EVERYBODY
SKILLED WORKER
WHATEVER IT COSTS
NO DOUBT
WITH A CRASH
ENEMY IN THE CAMP

BULLETS 1,348 RESULT appears on page 14

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

LONGING FOR A.....
SHOWS WE'RE.....
OWING TO.....
FLOOD OF.....
DEPENDS ON.....
ROUND THE.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated December 12.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark: 1,352 Monday, Nov. 30

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,352—or Xword No. 304, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Give your family the meal-time drink that is a food as well

The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-building, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. Make Rowntree's Cocoa your regular meal-time drink.

Rowntree's Cocoa makes every meal go further

SKIN TROUBLES DISAPPEAR

Under Influence of ZAM-BUK

If your skin is rough, sore, or irritable, or inflamed spots and pimples show that it is out-of-condition—be sure and treat it with Zam-Buk. There's no finer remedy, no other with the same healing and purifying qualities.

The medicinal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed deep into the tissues. Zam-Buk soothes away irritation and pain, expels disease and quickly heals and restores the skin to normal healthy condition.

Zam-Buk also provides an ever-ready antiseptic healer for cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, chapped hands, chilblains, and sore, aching feet.

Zam-Buk

Soothes, Purifies and Heals

IT GIVES ME THE GREATEST PLEASURE

To Write About Yeast-Vite

Edinburgh.
Dear Sirs, Oct. 16th, 1942.

It gives me the greatest pleasure to write a few lines about your famous Yeast-Vite tonic tablets, which I have taken for only a few weeks, but after the great results I am now convinced about your advertisements.

Recently I was on extensive military training, and by taking your marvellous tablets I passed through the training with the greatest of ease, and never once did I feel tired in any way.

I have told most of my friends about your Yeast-Vite, and I still say they are the BEST TONIC ever manufactured. For a small price one can feel a new man. Yeast-Vite tablets NEVER fail.

(Sgd.) L. G., H.M. Forces.

Warrington.
Oct. 13th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

I have taken your wonderful Yeast-Vite tablets for over 20 years, and hope to keep on—they keep me fit.

(Sgd.) Mrs. D.

Pendlebury, Lancs.
October 9th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

I have bought numerous bottles of your wonderful Yeast-Vite tablets during the last 18 months and have recommended them to all my friends and scores of people whom I have heard complain. I intend keeping regularly to Yeast-Vite tablets, as they are simply magical.

(Sgd.) E. M.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. YEAST-VITE tonic tablets are sold everywhere, now in TWO SIZES ONLY, price 1/4 and 3/3 per bottle, including Purchase Tax. Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.

Give him protection from germ infection . . . use John Knight's

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP—*in your home*

2D PER TABLET (1 Coupon)

KM 80-961-65

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

COLDS & 'FLU

quickly banished by

Cephos

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/3 & 2/- SINGLE DOSE 9d.

SCO

The Magic Oven Cleaning Powder

CLEANS COOKERS

Sco removes hard baked on grease from ovens, burners, shelves, grids, etc., without scouring or scrubbing. Sco is odourless, speedy, efficient, economical. NO BRUSH REQUIRED.

Quickly

Bottles 7½d. *(while available)*

Large Tins 10½d.

From Ironmongers, Grocers & Woolworths

Sco Manufacturing, Charlbury, Oxford.

GIBBS NOW IN BATTLEDRESS REFILLS

Price U.K. only **7D**

TO SAVE VALUABLE METAL

The patriotic way to buy your Gibbs Dentifrice is in its new battledress refill. This saves the country's metal. Give your teeth a shine with Gibbs in refill form. Popular Size 7d, including tax.

GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH **Gibbs** DENTIFRICE

B. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, W.1

GD 2352

THE BEST EXCHANGE

British Gold

for Sundays

21

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.